THE JONES READERS BY GRADES

BOOK EIGHT

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No. 268
Lewiston, Mich.

Genevieve H

THE

JONES READERS BY GRADES

BOOK EIGHT

BY

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PREFACE

THE most important book which the pupil uses in any grade is his school reader. This is especially true because the reader generalizes and summarizes the knowledge gained from all sources and makes this knowledge forceful in determining conduct.

Literature expresses in artistic form the great moral forces which stimulate the highest activities of human life.

To accomplish this end the literature used in the reader must be of a high order. Fortunately the pupil who has reached the eighth grade is able to read the best that has been written by the world's great authors.

In this book there has been gathered a collection of standard prose and poetry, selected for its great value as a means of culture. The selections cover every important province of human interest. There is a breadth and universality of theme and treatment, and an artistic excellence in the literature used which could be reached only in a book intended for the highest grammar grade. The student who should go no farther with his school

education would have, through the proper use of this reader, no inconsiderable practical acquaintance with the world's best literature; while he is well fitted, should he enter the high school, to take up a more intensive study of the great classics.

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State Normal College,
Ypsilanti, August 1, 1904.

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JONES READERS BY GRADES

Book Eight

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

Alfred Tennyson

Alfred, Lord Tennyson was one of the great poets of the nineteenth century. He was born in 1809 and died in 1892. Tennyson's poetry is noted for its perfect form and for its melody and sweetness. Among the best known of his longer poems are "The Idylls of the King," in which he tells the old legends that cluster about King Arthur and his knights. When Tennyson was forty years old he was made poet laureate, and in 1884 he was given a seat in the House of Lords.

Part I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,

Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly

From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'T is the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

Part II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by to towered Camelot:
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

Part III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled

To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott. . . .

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.

Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

Part IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

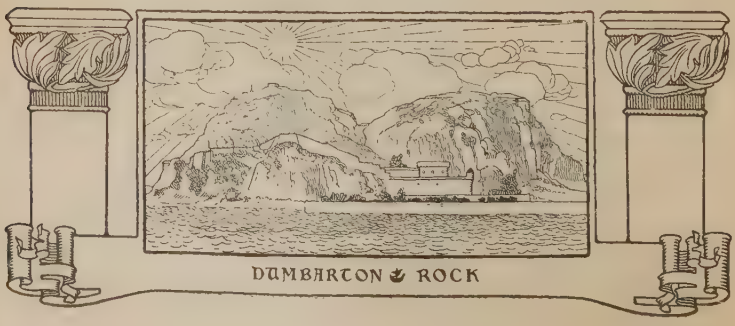
Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,

And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camèlot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

Shalott′: Tennyson apparently softened the name Astolat into this form. One legend places it in Surrey, another on Dumbarton Rock in Scotland. Read in connection with this, "Lancelot and Elaine." — **wold**: an open tract of rolling country. — **Cam′elot**: the capital of Arthur's kingdom. Its location is uncertain. — **dusk and shiver**: notice the accuracy and beauty of the description. — **shal′lop**: a small boat. — **pad**: an easy-paced horse. — **greaves**: armor for the legs below the knees. — **burgh′er**: an inhabitant of a town.



GOOD BOOKS

John Ruskin

John Ruskin (1819–1900) was an English author and artist. To defend the painter Turner from his critics, Ruskin wrote his first great book, "Modern Painters." He was greatly interested in social progress.

I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his due and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily — however slowly — increasing series of books for use through life; making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorated piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche.

Nearly all our associations are determined by chance or necessity, and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may by good fortune obtain a glimpse of a great poet and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly, and yet these chances we covet, while meantime there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation; — talk to us

in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it! — kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves, — we make no account of that company, — perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

No book is worth anything which is not worth *much;* nor is it serviceable until it has been read, and reread, and

loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book.

Abridged.

TO DAVID IN HEAVEN

ROBERT BUCHANAN

ROBERT BUCHANAN (1841–1901) was a Scottish poet.

NOTE. — These lines are in memory of Buchanan's friend, David Gray, another poet of Scottish birth, who died in early manhood.

Lo! the slow moon roaming
Through fleecy mists of gloaming,
Furrowing with pearly edge the jewel-powdered sky!
Lo, the bridge moss-laden,
Arched like foot of maiden,
And on the bridge, in silence, looking upward, you and I!
Lo, the pleasant season
Of reaping and of mowing —
The round still moon above, — beneath, the river duskily flowing!

Violet-colored shadows,
Blown from scented meadows,
Float o'er us to the pine wood dark from yonder dim corn ridge;
The little river gushes
Through shady sedge and rushes,



And gray gnats murmur o'er the pools, beneath the mossy bridge;—
And you and I stand darkly,
O'er the keystone leaning,
And watch the pale, mesmeric moon, in the time of gleaners and gleaning.

In some heaven star-lighted,
Are you now united
Unto the poet spirits that you loved, of English race?
Is Chatterton still dreaming?
And, to give it stately seeming,
Has the music of his last strong song passed into Keats's face?
Is Wordsworth there? and Spenser?
Beyond the grave's black portals,
Can the grand eye of Milton *see* the glory he sang to mortals?

But ah, that pale moon roaming
Through fleecy mists of gloaming,
Furrowing with pearly edge the jewel-powdered sky,
And ah, the days departed
With your friendship gentle-hearted,
And ah, the dream we dreamt that night, together, you and I!
Is it fashioned wisely,
To help us or to blind us,
That at each height we gain we turn, and behold a heaven behind us?

Chatterton: a gifted English poet who died at the age of nineteen. — **Keats, Wordsworth, Spenser, Milton**: English poets of high rank. — **his last song**: a sonnet, beginning "Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art." — **mesmeric**: the moon was formerly supposed to have a strong influence upon the mind. Trace the history of the word *lunatic*.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (1789–1851) was the founder of American romance, and for this reason is often called the American Scott. His stories of the Indians were widely read, though they are far from being accurate studies of Indian character.

NOTE. — This selection is taken from "The Prairie," one of the "Leatherstocking Tales." These books give an account of the career of Natty Bumpo, or Leatherstocking, a famous character in American fiction. He is the old man in the story; Middleton and his wife Inez, together with the bee hunter Paul Hover and a young woman named Ellen Wade, are crossing the prairie under his guidance. Leatherstocking, once a far-famed scout and guide, has become a trapper. "The art of taking God's creatures in net or trap," he says, "is one that needs more cunning than manhood; and yet I am brought to practice it in my age."

"See," exclaimed Inez, in a sudden burst of youthful pleasure, "how lovely is that sky; surely it contains a promise of happier times!"

"It is glorious!" returned her husband. "Rarely have I seen a richer rising of the sun."

"Rising of the sun!" slowly repeated the old man, lifting his tall person from its seat with a deliberate and abstracted air, while he kept his eye riveted on the changing and certainly beautiful tints that were garnishing the vault of heaven. "Rising of the sun! I like not such risings of the sun. The prairie is on fire!"

"God in heaven protect us!" cried Middleton. "There is no time to lose, old man; each instant is a day; let us fly."

"Whither?" demanded the trapper, motioning him, with calmness and dignity, to arrest his steps. "In this wilderness of grass and reeds you are like a vessel in the broad lakes without a compass. A single step on the wrong course might prove the destruction of us all. It is seldom danger is so pressing that there is not time enough for reason to do its work, young officer; therefore let us await its biddings."

"For my own part," said Paul Hover, looking about him with concern, "I acknowledge that should this dry bed of weeds get fairly in a flame, a bee would have to make a flight higher than common to prevent his wings from scorching. Therefore, old trapper, I agree with the captain, and say, mount and run."

"Ye are wrong — ye are wrong; man is not a beast to follow the gift of instinct, and to snuff up his knowledge by a taint in the air or a rumbling in the sound; but he must see and reason, and then conclude. So follow me a little to the left, where there is a rise in the ground, whence we may make our reconnoiterings."

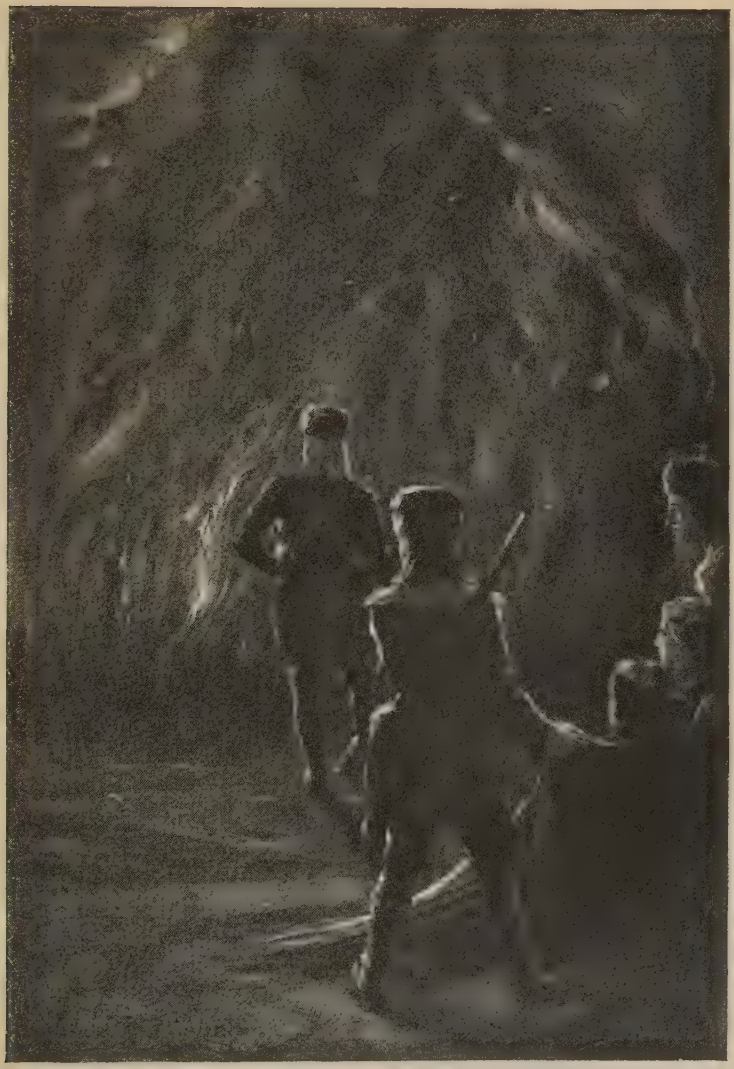
The old man waved his hand with authority, and led the way to the spot he had indicated, followed by his alarmed companions. An eye less practiced than that of the trapper might have failed in discovering the gentle

elevation to which he alluded, and which looked on the surface of the meadow like a growth a little taller than common. When they reached the place, however, the stunted grass, itself, announced the absence of that moisture which had fed the rank weeds of most of the plain, and furnished a clue to the evidence by which he had judged of the formation of the ground hidden beneath. Here a few minutes were lost in breaking down the tops of the surrounding herbage, and in obtaining a lookout that might command a view of the surrounding sea of fire.

The frightful prospect added nothing to the hopes of those who had so fearful a stake in the result. Although the day was beginning to dawn, the vivid colors of the sky continued to deepen, as if the fierce element were bent on an impious rivalry of the light of the sun. Bright flashes of flame shot up here and there along the margin of the waste, like the nimble coruscations of the North, but far more angry and threatening in their color and changes. The anxiety on the rigid features of the trapper sensibly deepened, as he leisurely traced these evidences of a conflagration, which spread in a broad belt about their place of refuge, until he had encircled the whole horizon.

"Let us mount and ride!" cried Middleton; "is life not worth a struggle?"

"Of what use — of what use are your stout hearts, when the element of the Lord is to be conquered? Look about



you, friends; the wreath of smoke that is rising plainly says that there is no outlet from the spot, without crossing a belt of fire. Look for yourselves, my men; look for yourselves; if you can find a single opening, I will engage to follow."

The examination, which his companions so instantly and so intently made, rather served to assure them of their desperate situation than to appease their fears. Huge columns of smoke were rolling up from the plain and thickening in gloomy masses around the horizon. The red glow which gleamed upon their enormous folds, now lighting their volumes with the glare of the conflagration and now flashing to another point as the flame beneath glided ahead, leaving all behind enveloped in awful darkness, proclaimed louder than words the character of the imminent and approaching danger.

"This is terrible," exclaimed Middleton, folding the trembling Inez to his heart. "But we are men, and will make a struggle for our lives! How now, my brave and spirited friend, shall we yet mount and push across the flames, or shall we stand here and see those we most love perish in this frightful manner, without an effort?"

"I am for a swarming time and a flight before the hive is too hot to hold us," said the bee hunter, to whom it will be at once seen that Middleton addressed himself. "Come, old trapper, you must acknowledge this is but a slow way of getting out of danger. You may hear the

fire begin to roar already, and I know by experience that when the flames once get fairly into the prairie grass, it is no sloth that can outrun it."

"Do you call this a fire?" said the old man. "If you had seen what I have witnessed in the Eastern hills, when mighty mountains were like the furnace of a smith, you would have known what it was to fear the flames and to be thankful that you were spared! Come, lads, come; 't is time to be doing now, and to cease talking; for yonder curling flame is truly coming on like a trotting moose. Put hands upon this short and withered grass where we stand, and lay bare the earth."

"Would you think to deprive the fire of its victims in this childish manner?" exclaimed Middleton.

A faint but solemn smile passed over the features of the old man as he answered: "Your grandfather would have said that when the enemy was nigh a soldier could do no better than to obey."

The captain felt the reproof, and instantly began to imitate the industry of Paul, who was tearing the decayed herbage from the ground in a sort of desperate compliance with the trapper's direction. Even Ellen lent her hands to the labor, nor was it long before Inez was seen similarly employed, though none amongst them knew why or wherefore. When life is thought to be the reward of labor, men are wont to be industrious. A very few moments sufficed to lay bare a spot of some twenty feet

in diameter. Into one edge of this little area the trapper brought the females, directing Middleton and Paul to cover their light and inflammable dresses with the blankets of the party. So soon as this precaution was observed, the old man approached the opposite margin of the grass, which still environed them in a tall and dangerous circle, and selecting a handful of the driest of the herbage, he placed it over the pan of his rifle. The light combustible kindled at the flash. Then he placed the little flame in a bed of the standing fog, and withdrawing from the spot to the center of the ring, he patiently awaited the result.

The subtle element seized with avidity upon its new fuel, and in a moment forked flames were gliding among the grass, as the tongues of ruminating animals are seen rolling among their food, apparently in quest of its sweetest portions.

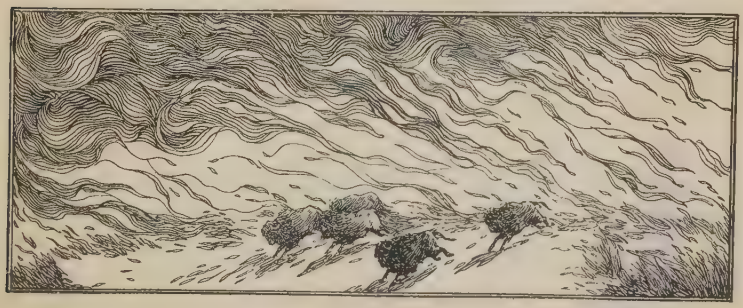
"Now," said the old man, holding up a finger, and laughing in his peculiarly silent manner, "you shall see fire fight fire! Ah's me! many is the time I have burnt a smutty path from wanton laziness to pick my way."

"But is this not fatal?" cried the amazed Middleton; "are you not bringing the enemy nigher to us instead of avoiding it?"

"Do you scorch so easily? your grandfather had a tougher skin. But we shall live to see — we shall all live to see."

The experience of the trapper was in the right. As the fire gained strength and heat, it began to spread on three sides, dying of itself on the fourth for want of aliment. As it increased, and the sullen roaring announced its power, it cleared everything before it, leaving the black and smoking soil far more naked than if the scythe had swept the place. The situation of the fugitives would have still been hazardous had not the area enlarged as the flame encircled them. But by advancing to the spot where the trapper had kindled the grass, they avoided the heat, and in a very few moments the flames began to recede in every quarter, leaving them enveloped in a cloud of smoke, but perfectly safe from the torrent of fire that was still furiously rolling onwards.

nimble coruscations: the shooting lights of the aurora borealis. — **sensibly**: visibly. — **your grandfather**: Heywood, a character in "The Last of the Mohicans." See Book Six, page 93. — **fog**: dead grass.



DAYS

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson, born in Boston in 1803, was a famous lecturer and writer. For the greater part of his life his home was in Concord, Massachusetts, where he died in 1882. He is often called a seer — or one who sees into men's hearts and understands God's truths. Emerson taught the world many lessons; one of them, which had already been put into words by Wordsworth, was that plain living and high thinking go well together. He was loved and respected by all who knew him.

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleachèd garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

hypocrit'ic: playing a part. The poet figures the Days as actors in a drama. — **dervishes**: Turkish or Persian monks who profess great poverty. — **pleachèd**: shaded by interwoven branches. — **herbs and apples**: what does the poet symbolize here? — **fillet**: a little band, confining the hair.

A CHINESE CAT

PIERRE LOTI

PIERRE LOTI (pĕ-âr lo-tē′) is the assumed name of Julien Viaud, a French writer and naval officer.

NOTE. — At the close of a battle in the Yellow Sea a forlorn cat leaped from a Chinese junk to the French warship on which Pierre Loti was serving, and took refuge in his cabin.

I remember the first day that our relations became truly affectionate. It was on the open ocean, on a dreary day in September. The first fogs of autumn had already risen over the cold, rough sea. In this climate the chill and the cloudy skies come quickly, bringing to us European travelers a melancholy so much the greater because we feel ourselves far from home.

We were traveling eastward, and my cabin grew darker and darker as the waves swept across the closed porthole. I was writing at my little desk when suddenly Moumoutte stole out of the shadow, stretching as if to give herself time to reflect. She held one of her paws in the air for several seconds with truly Oriental grace before deciding where to place it for the next step. All this time she watched me earnestly with a look of interrogation.

What could she want? Evidently she was not hungry. She had had her dinner. What was the matter then?

She came close to me and continued to watch me. She knew that I was capable of pity and that I understood her

mute entreaty. My eyes were the mirrors where this little cat's soul sought anxiously to find a reflection of mine.

As for me, I looked closely for the first time at the little visitor, who for two weeks had shared my room. She was tawny like a wild rabbit, spotted like a tiger, and with a white nose and neck. In fact, she was a lean, ugly cat — and yet she seemed more odd than ugly to a man like myself who is free from all commonplace rules on beauty. She was so different besides from our French cats, with her stealthy step, her excessively long tail, her great ears standing erect. All her charm was in her eyes, deep like the eyes of the Orient, golden instead of green, always restless, and wonderfully expressive.

While I was looking at her I laid my hand on her odd little head and stroked the yellow fur.

She felt in it something beyond a physical pleasure. She had a feeling of protection, of sympathy in her distress. This was why Moumoutte had come out from her dark hiding place. This was what she had resolved after much hesitation to ask of me. It was neither to eat nor to drink. The little cat's soul asked for friendship.

Where had she learned this need, poor outcast cat, who had never been stroked by a kind hand, never loved by any one — unless perhaps the junk had held some poor little Chinese child as miserable and famished as herself?

Soon she touched me timidly with her feeble paw — Oh,

so delicately and carefully! — and after looking at me for a long time Moumoutte finally jumped upon my knee.

There she lay quietly, making herself as light as possible, scarcely touching me, almost without weight, — and watching me always. She stayed there for a long time at a great inconvenience to me, and yet I lacked courage to drive her away, as I should have done without doubt had she been pretty and gay. Alarmed at my least movement, she did not take her eyes off me, not for fear that I should hurt her (she was too intelligent to believe me capable of that), but with a look which said, "Is it true that I do not weary nor trouble you?" Then her eyes became more expressive and coaxing and said to me plainly, "On this autumn day, so sad to a cat's heart, since we two are alone here, lost in the midst of dangers I know nothing of, let us give to each other a little of that sweet something that quiets our misery, that is called affection, and that is expressed from time to time by a caress."

The days and the weeks passed. Whenever I entered my cabin she ran to meet me with a little murmur of joy. If I tried to write she sat upon my knees, watching the coming and going of my pen and sometimes blotting out with her paw lines of which she did not entirely approve. Before long it seemed to me that she was like some little princess condemned by wicked fairies thus to share my solitude.

Abridged.

Moumoutte (moo-moot′): pussy. — **junk**: a Chinese ship.

THE HERITAGE

James Russell Lowell

Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Holmes belong to the group known as the New England poets. Lowell stands high among them. He was a great critic as well as a great poet, and he was deeply interested in American politics. During the Mexican War, and again during the Civil War, he wrote a series of poems called "The Biglow Papers," which had undoubted influence in political questions. Lowell was at one time United States minister to Spain, and later to England. As American representative abroad he was popular for his tact and courtesy and ready address. He died in 1891.

James Russell Lowell's name is one long to be remembered in American literature. One of his best known poems is "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure

To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

in fee: in possession. — **hinds**: peasants or farm workers.

THE UPSHOT OF WAR

Thomas Carlyle

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881) was a Scottish philosopher and essayist. He was always protesting and denouncing, and his rough style is not easy to read. He was a thorough student of German literature, and his fondness for its idioms is shown in all his work. Personally he had to contend with much illness and anxiety, and though his irritable temper made him "ower hard to live with," he was respected for his great mental strength and for his unflinching honesty. His book "Heroes and Hero Worship" is a favorite with young people.

Note. — This selection is taken from "Sartor Resartus," a collection of whimsical essays on various topics, in which the author pretends to quote from a German writer what are really his own opinions.

"What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war?

"To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil in the British village of Dumdrudge usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'natural enemies' of the French, there are successfully selected during the French war say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has nursed them. She has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected, all dressed in red,

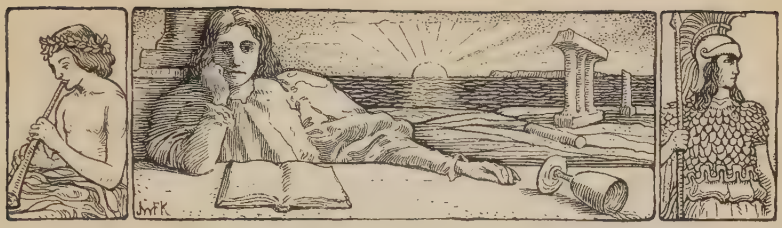
and shipped away at the public charges some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and fed there till wanted.

"And now to that same spot in the south of Spain are thirty French artisans from a French Dumdrudge in like manner wending, till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given; and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for.

"Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them.

"How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot. Alas! so is it in all other lands; still, as of old, 'what devilry soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper.'"

stone: an English standard of weight equal to fourteen pounds.



THE ISLES OF GREECE

LORD BYRON

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788–1824) was one of the great English poets. His best work may be ranked with what is most worthy of admiration in English literature, though many of his poems are lacking in moral quality. A few months before his death Byron generously undertook to lead the revolutionary troops in Greece, who were trying to free their country from the yoke of the Sultan.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
  Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
  Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon —
  And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
  I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
  Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
  And men in nations; — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
  Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Sappho (săf'o): a Greek poetess who lived about 600 B.C. — **Delos**: a famous island belonging to Greece. It was dedicated to the gods and kept sacred from war. — **Phœbus**: Phœbus Apollo, the god of poetry and song, was said to have been born at Delos. — **Marathon**: a plain in Greece, north of Athens, where a great military victory was won in 490 B.C. — **the Persians**: the Persian king Darius was defeated in this battle. — **Sal'amis**: a Greek island. In the bay of Salamis a great naval battle took place in 480 B.C., which resulted in the driving back of the Persian invaders.

THE CRAGS OF HALKET HEAD

Walter Scott

Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. When he was less than two years old he had an illness that left him lame. He was taken to his grandfather's home, in the hope that the country life would do him good, and it was there that he first learned to love the old Scotch ballads and traditions which he afterwards wove into his novels and poems. Scott has often been called "the Great Enchanter," so wonderful was his power of description. He wrote many novels which are known as the Waverley Novels, from the name of the first one of the series.

Note. — Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter Isabella, finding themselves overtaken by approaching darkness on the sands of a dangerous seacoast have put themselves under the guidance of an old vagrant named Ochiltree. The story is taken from "The Antiquary."

The waves had now encroached so much upon the beach that the firm and smooth footing which they had hitherto had upon the sand must be exchanged for a rougher path close to the foot of the precipice, and in some places even raised upon its lower ledges. It would have been utterly impossible for Sir Arthur Wardour or his daughter to have found their way along these shelves without the guidance and encouragement of the beggar, who had been there before in high tides, though never, he acknowledged, "in so awesome a night as this."

It was indeed an awful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea fowl and sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings who,

pent between two of the most magnificent yet most dreadful objects of nature — a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice — toiled along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow which threw itself higher on the beach than those that had preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and "God have mercy upon us!" which their guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur — "My child! my child! to die such a death!"

"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him. "And you, too, who have lost your own life in endeavoring to save ours."

"That 's not worth the counting," said the old man. "I have lived to be weary of life, and here or yonder — what does it signify how the old beggar dies?"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing? — of no help? I 'll make you rich; I 'll give you a farm; I 'll —"

"Our riches will soon be equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the waters: "they are so already; for I have no land, and you would give your fair bounds and barony for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twelve hours."

While they exchanged these words they paused upon the highest ledge of rock to which they could attain, for



it seemed that any further attempt to move forward could only serve to anticipate their fate. Here, then, they were to await the sure though slow progress of the raging element.

Yet even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of a mind naturally strong and courageous, and which rallied itself at this terrible juncture. "Must we yield life," she said, "without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain some height above the tide where we could remain till morning, or till help comes? They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us."

Sir Arthur, who heard but scarcely comprehended his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, instinctively to the old man, as if their lives were in his gift. Ochiltree paused. "I was a bold cragsman in my day, but it 's long, long ago, and no mortal could climb them without a rope. But there was a path here once, though maybe, if you could see it, you would rather stay where you are. His name be praised," he ejaculated suddenly, "there 's some one coming down the crag even now." Then, exalting his voice, he called to the daring adventurer such instructions as his former practice and the remembrance of local circumstances suddenly forced upon his mind: "You 're right! you 're right! that way! that way! —Fasten the rope well round 'Crummie's horn,' that 's

the big black stone — that 's it; now a wee bit more yet to that other stone (we called it the 'Cat's ear'). There used to be the root of an oak tree there; that will do! Easy now, lad; easy now; take care and take time. Very well! Now you must get to 'Bessy's apron,' that 's the big broad flat stone; and then, I think, with your help and the rope together, I can reach you, and we 'll be able to get up the young lady and Sir Arthur."

The adventurer, following these directions, flung down the end of the rope, which the old man secured around Miss Wardour, wrapping her previously in his own blue gown to preserve her as much as possible from injury. Then, availing himself of the rope, which was made fast at the other end, he began to ascend the face of the crag — a most precarious and dizzy undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed him safe on the broad flat stone beside our friend Lovel. Their joint strength was able to raise Isabella to the place of safety which they had attained. Lovel then descended in order to assist Sir Arthur, and in a short time they were all beyond the reach of the billows.

Abridged.

Halket Head: the locality chosen by Scott for his story is on the east coast of Scotland, not far from the Inchcape Rock. See Book Six, page 21. — **Och'iltree**: Edie Ochiltree is one of Scott's famous character sketches. — **devoted**: doomed. — **bounds**: boundaries. — **blue gown**: the long blue gown with a pewter badge on the right arm marked the professional beggar of Scotland.

THE DEAD NAPOLEON

William Makepeace Thackeray

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in India in 1811. He became one of the greatest of English novelists. He studied law in London and afterwards went to Paris and studied art, but finally chose literature as his profession. Among his famous novels are "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," and "Henry Esmond." An American critic, on being asked which of these he liked best, replied, "The one I read last." Thackeray also wrote some verse. He died in 1863.

Note. — For another selection on Napoleon, see page 279.

Tell me what find we to admire
In epaulets and scarlet coats,
In men, because they load and fire,
And know the art of cutting throats?

And what care we for war and wrack,
How kings and heroes rise and fall?
Look yonder, in his coffin black
There lies the greatest of them all!

He captured many thousand guns;
He wrote "The Great" before his name;
And dying, only left his sons
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own;
And borrowed from his enemies
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his,



And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

Abridged.

Napoleon: Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor of the French, after a series of brilliant military successes, met with defeat, and died in exile in 1821. His character is an interesting study, and different opinions are still held as to his real greatness. — **wrack**: ruin, destruction. *Wrack*, *wreak*, and *wreck* come from a word meaning to drive out or punish. — **sons**: poetical license for heirs or successors. Napoleon had only one son, who died before he was twenty. — **rood**: a rood is a measure of length, sixteen and a half feet. — **borrowed from his enemies**: Napoleon was buried in English ground at St. Helena. Later his body was brought to Paris. It was on the occasion of the second funeral that this poem was written.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

William Wordsworth

William Wordsworth (1770–1850) was one of the greatest of English poets. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are known as the Lake Poets, because they lived in the lake district of England and described that region. Wordsworth was a poet of remarkable but unequal powers.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That ever man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
—'T is he whose law is reason; who depends

Upon that law as on the best of friends;
— Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire:
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state.
— He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes: —
'T is, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity, —
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not —
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed:
This is the happy warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be.

Abridged.

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE INCAS

William H. Prescott

William Hickling Prescott (1796–1859) was an American historian whose brilliant success, like that of Parkman, was won under hard conditions of constant suffering and almost total blindness. Prescott's special subject was that of Spanish conquest and civilization.

Note. — This description of the Peruvian palaces is taken from the "Conquest of Peru." The discoverer of Peru and the chief hero of its conquest was Francisco Pizarro (1496–1541).

The royal palaces were on a magnificent scale, and, far from being confined to the capital or a few principal towns, were scattered over all the provinces of their vast empire. The buildings were low, but covered a wide extent of ground. Some of the apartments were spacious, but they were generally small, and had no communication with one another, except that they opened into a common square or court. The walls were made of blocks of stone of various sizes, rough-hewn, but carefully wrought near the line of junction, which was scarcely visible to the eye. The roofs were of wood or rushes, which have perished under the rude touch of time that has shown more respect for the walls of the edifices. The whole seems to have been characterized by solidity and strength rather than by any attempt at architectural elegance.

But whatever want of elegance there may have been in the exterior of the imperial dwellings, it was amply

compensated by the interior, in which all the opulence of the Peruvian princes was ostentatiously displayed. The sides of the apartments were thickly studded with gold and silver ornaments. Niches prepared in the walls were filled with images of animals and plants curiously wrought of the same costly materials; and even much of the domestic furniture, including the utensils devoted to the most ordinary menial services, displayed the like wanton magnificence! With these gorgeous decorations were mingled richly colored stuffs of the delicate manufacture of the Peruvian wool, which were of so beautiful a texture that the Spanish sovereigns, with all the luxuries of Europe and Asia at their command, did not disdain to use them.

But the favorite residence of the Incas was at Yucay, about four leagues distant from the capital. In this delicious valley, locked up within the friendly arms of the sierra, which sheltered it from the rude breezes of the east, and refreshed by gushing fountains and streams of running water, they built the most beautiful of their palaces. Here, when wearied with the dust and toil of the city, they loved to retreat, wandering amidst groves and airy gardens that shed around their soft, intoxicating odors, and lulled the senses to repose. Here, too, they loved to indulge in the luxury of their baths, replenished by streams of crystal water which were conducted through subterranean silver channels into basins of gold. The

spacious gardens were stocked with numerous varieties of plants and flowers that grew without effort in this region, while parterres of a more extraordinary kind were planted by their side, glowing with the various forms of vegetable life skillfully imitated in gold and silver! Among them the Indian corn, the most beautiful of American grains, is particularly commemorated, and the curious workmanship is noticed with which the golden ear was half disclosed amidst the broad leaves of silver, and the light tassel of the same material that floated gracefully from its top.

The most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched that it received the name of "The Place of Gold." It consisted of a principal building and several chapels and inferior edifices covering a large extent of ground in the heart of the city and completely encompassed by a wall, which, with the edifices, was all constructed of stone. The work was so finely executed that a Spaniard, who saw it in its glory, assures us he could call to mind only two edifices in Spain, which, for their workmanship, were at all to be compared with it. Yet this substantial, and in some respects magnificent, structure was thatched with straw!

The interior of the temple was the most worthy of admiration. It was literally a mine of gold. On the

western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from amidst innumerable rays of light, which emanated from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were everywhere incrusted. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was "the tears wept by the sun," and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices, which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary, were of the same costly material; and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stonework, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice.

These "Houses of the Sun," as they were styled, were the common reservoir into which flowed all the streams of public and private benefactions throughout the empire.

Abridged.

Incas: the people of Peru were ruled at the time of the Spanish conquest by an emperor or Inca. The members of this royal dynasty called themselves the "Children of the Sun." — **Peruvian wool**: alpaca is manufactured from this wool. — **parterres**: flower gardens.

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM — I

EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809–1849) was an American writer of prose and verse of rare quality. His genius gave his work a wonderful charm, but it is only the promise of what it might have been had his life been wholesome and serene.

NOTE. — See pages 147 and 148 for an accurate description of the Maelström. Poe's marvelous imagination is nowhere better displayed than in this story.

It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the tenth day of July, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget — for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens; and yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the southwest, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

We had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock P.M., and had soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which were more plentiful that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven by my watch when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

We set out with a fresh wind, and for some time went along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual — something that had never happened to us before — and I began to feel a little uneasy without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

In the meantime the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us — in less than two the sky was entirely overcast — and it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest fisherman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run; but at the first puff both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off.

Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always

been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once, for we lay entirely buried for some moments. As soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ringbolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this, — which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done, — for I was too much flurried to think.

Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself in some measure of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard ; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear and screamed out the word "Maelström."

No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough — I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on we were bound for the whirl, and nothing could save us.

You perceive that in crossing the Ström channel we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack; but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! "To be



sure," I thought, "we shall get there just about the slack; there is some little hope in that."

By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much as we scudded before it; but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there

burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky, — as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep, bright blue, — and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a luster that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness.

I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother, but, in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers as if to say "Listen!"

At first I could not make out what he meant, but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM — II

When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her, and this is what is called "riding," in sea phrase. Well, so far

we had ridden the swells very cleverly, but presently a gigantic sea bore us with it as it rose — up — up — as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I were falling from some lofty mountain top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around — and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Maelström was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead — but no more like the everyday Maelström than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill race.

It could not have been more than two minutes afterwards when we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn and shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek — such a sound as you might imagine given out by many thousand steam vessels letting off steam together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like a bubble upon the surface. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

It may appear strange, but now when we were in the very jaws of the gulf I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first.

There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession, and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation; for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances — just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. Scarcely had I secured myself in a new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard and rushed headlong into the abyss. As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent I had instinctively tightened my hold and closed my eyes. For some

seconds I dared not open them, while I expected instant destruction and wondered that I was not already in my death struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased, and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before while in the belt of foam. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope, but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept — not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward at each revolution was slow but very perceptible.

Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber, and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. "This fir tree," I found myself at one time saying, "will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears," — and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact — the fact of my invariable miscalculation — set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble and my heart beat heavily.

It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting hope. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Maelström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way — so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters — but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened

fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed — that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or from some reason had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I also noted that cylindrical bodies were absorbed more slowly than any others.

I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose, and to throw myself with it into the water. The result was precisely what I hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale — as you see that I *did* escape — and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all I have further to say, I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour or thereabout after my quitting the smack, when, after having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and plunged headlong at once and forever into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard,

before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew less and less violent. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Maelström had been. It was the hour of the slack, but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast. A boat picked me up, exhausted from fatigue and speechless. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions, but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit land. My hair, which had been raven black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say too that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story — they did not believe it. I now tell it to you, and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the fishermen of Lofoden. Abridged.

weighed: lifted the anchor. — **Helseg´gen** (the cloudy): the name of a mountain peak. — **on the wind**: a sailor's phrase for sailing as nearly as possible toward the point from which the wind blows. — **going large**: sailing so that the greatest speed is attained. — **starboard**: right. — **larboard**: left. — **Lofo´den**: islands off the coast of Norway.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

THOMAS CARLYLE

NOTE. — This selection is taken from "Heroes and Hero Worship."

As for Johnson, I have already considered him to be by nature one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last. In a kindlier element what might he not have been — poet, priest, sovereign ruler! On the whole, a man must not complain of his "element," of his "time," or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad; well, then, he is there to make it better.

Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that in any of the favorablest outward circumstances Johnson's life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less; but his *effort* against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus' shirt on him, which shoots in on him dull, incurable misery, —

the Nessus' shirt not to be stripped off, which is his own natural skin. In this manner *he* had to live.

Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this earth; eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at, — school languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better. The largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of "fourpence-half-penny a day." Yet a giant invincible soul; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford: the rough, seamy-faced, rawboned college servitor stalking about, in winter season, with his shoes worn out; how the charitable gentleman commoner secretly places a new pair at his door; and the rawboned servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts, pitches them out of the window. Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger, or what you will; but not beggary; we cannot stand beggary. Rude, stubborn self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery, and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching away of the shoes. An original man, — not a secondhand, borrowing, or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that, — on the reality and substance which nature gives *us*,

not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us!

girt: surrounded. — **hypochondria**: an extremely depressed mental condition. — **Nessus' shirt**: a poisoned shirt which caused its wearer much pain. See myths about Hercules. — **fourpence-half-penny a day**: this amount is nine cents in American money. — **servitor**: an undergraduate at Oxford whose expenses were partly paid by the university and who was expected to wait at table. — **gentleman commoner**: a student who paid all his expenses — now called a commoner. "Commons" is the college word for food.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

WILLIAM JONES

SIR WILLIAM JONES (1746–1794) was an English writer and scholar of remarkable attainments.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts
Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride;
No. MEN! high-minded men —
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain!
These constitute a state.

KING LEAR

William Shakespeare

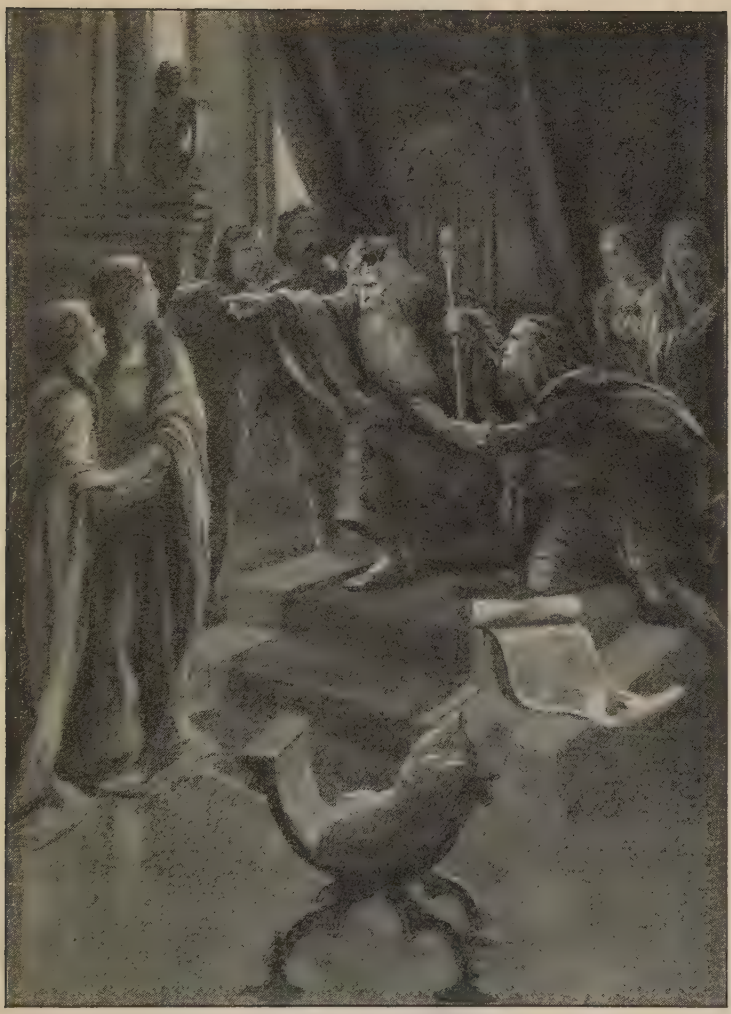
William Shakespeare, one of the greatest dramatic poets that ever lived, was born at Stratford, England, in 1564. He was an actor as well as a writer of plays. Many of his stories were frankly taken from other writers, but the beauty and power of his plays are all his own. A great German critic said of him, "Never was there such a wide talent for the drawing of character as Shakespeare's." This king of poets died in 1616. Among his greatest plays are "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Julius Cæsar," and "Romeo and Juliet."

Note. — The play of "King Lear" is considered by some critics to be Shakespeare's greatest work. The story is an old one and found in many languages. In this scene Lear has called together his court to announce his division of the kingdom. His three daughters attend him.

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom: and 't is our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburdened crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. . . . Tell me, my daughters, —
Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state, —
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.
Goneril. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.
Cordelia [*aside*]. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.
Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains riched,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: . . . What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.
Regan. Sir, I am made
Of the self-same metal that my sister is,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cordelia [*aside*]. Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.
Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferred on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; . . . what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cordelia. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing!
Cordelia. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.
Cordelia. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cordelia. Good my lord,
You as a father bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:



Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cordelia. Ay, good my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cordelia. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy dower:
. . . Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. . . .
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath. . . .

[LEAR *gives the crown to the* DUKES OF CORNWALL *and* ALBANY.]

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honored as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master followed,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wilt thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more!
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive. . . .
Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]
Alb. } Dear sir, forbear.
Corn. }
Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy doom;
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet, and with strained pride
To come between our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;

And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom; if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.
Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
[*To Cordelia.*] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
[*To Regan and Goneril.*] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*]

we: the royal custom of using *we* instead of *I* is said to have been begun by King John. — **fast**: firm. — **constant**: settled. — **several**: belonging to each, respective. — **nature doth with merit challenge**: natural affection deserves to claim. — **Gon'eril**: Lear's eldest daughter. — **unable**: powerless. — **champains**: plains. — **riched**: enriched. — **Re'gan**: Lear's second daughter. — **my very deed**: the true nature of my own. — **that**: in that. — **most precious square of sense**: the most sensitive to enjoyment. — **felicitate**: made happy. It is interesting to know that this is the only instance of Shakespeare's using this word, as also *reverb* below. — **more richer**: the double comparative was not unusual in Shakespeare's day. — **validity**: value. — **bond**: the natural bond of parent and child. — **make from**: get out of the way of. We still say *make for*. — **fork**: point. — **invade**: pierce. — **doom**: judgment. — **answer my life**: let my life answer for. — **reverb**: reverberates. — **strained**: excessive. — **nor**: often used for *neither*. — **diseases**: discomforts. — **trunk**: body. — **sith**: since.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE

John Lothrop Motley

John Lothrop Motley (1814–1877) was an eminent American historian. His great work, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," was the result of years of study. Much of Motley's life was spent abroad in literary research and in political service.

In person, Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier, with the capacious brow furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage.

His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organization, which was of antique model. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours.

Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human.

While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a

convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand, and to Anabaptists on the other, for no man ever felt more keenly than he that the Reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious.

His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of struggle as unequal as men have ever undertaken, was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid raging billows," was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness.

From the time when, as a hostage in France, he first discovered the plan of Philip to plant the Inquisition in the Netherlands, up to the last moment of his life, he never faltered in his determination to resist that iniquitous scheme. This resistance was the labor of his life. To exclude the Inquisition, to maintain the ancient liberties of his country, was the task which he appointed to himself when a youth of three-and-twenty.

Never speaking a word concerning a heavenly mission, never deluding himself or others with the usual phraseology of enthusiasts, he accomplished the task, through danger, amid toils, and with sacrifices such as few men have ever been able to make on their country's altar — for the disinterested benevolence of the man was as prominent as his fortitude. A prince of high rank and with royal revenues, he stripped himself of station, wealth,

almost, at times, of the common necessaries of life, and became, in his country's cause, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw.

Of the soldier's great virtues — constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat — no man ever possessed a larger share. . . . He was therefore a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle, but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch.

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative, with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying "to his great captain, Christ."

The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

Abridged.

William of Orange: founder of the Dutch republic (1533–1584). — **Anabaptists**: a religious sect. — **Inquisition**: a court established in the thirteenth century to punish heresies against the Roman Catholic faith. Philip II of Spain was a Catholic.

A HURON MISSION HOUSE[1]

FRANCIS PARKMAN

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823–1893) was an eminent American historian whose work is as accurate as it is interesting. He has written chiefly about French exploration in the New World.

NOTE. — Few passages of history are more striking than those which record the efforts of the French to convert the Indians. While the early English colonies were struggling for a foothold upon the Atlantic coast, events affecting their future were already going on in the heart of the continent. The following selection describes the home of some of the French missionaries in the country lying between Lake Simcoe and Lake Huron.

By the ancient Huron custom, when a man or a family wanted a house the whole village joined in building one. In the present case the neighboring town also took part in the work. Before October the task was finished.

The house was constructed after the Huron model. It was thirty-six feet long and about twenty feet wide, framed with strong sapling poles planted in the earth to form the sides, with the ends bent into an arch for the roof, — the whole lashed firmly together, braced with cross poles, and closely covered with overlapping sheets of bark.

Without, the structure was strictly Indian; but within, the priests, with the aid of their tools, made innovations

[1] From "The Jesuits of North America." Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Francis Parkman, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts. Copyright, 1895, by Grace P. Coffin and Katherine S. Coolidge.

which were the astonishment of all the country. They divided their dwelling by transverse partitions into three apartments, each with its wooden door, — a wondrous novelty in the eyes of their visitors. The first served as a hall, an anteroom, and a place of storage for corn, beans, and dried fish. The second — the largest of the



three — was at once kitchen, workshop, dining room, drawing room, school room, and bedchamber. The third was the chapel. Here they made their altar, and here were their images, pictures, and sacred vessels.

Their fire was on the ground, in the middle of the second apartment, the smoke escaping by a hole in the roof. At the sides were placed two wide platforms, after the Huron fashion, four feet from the earthen floor. On these were chests in which they kept their clothing, and

beneath them they slept, reclining on sheets of bark, and covered with skins and the garments they wore by day. Rude stools, a hand mill, an Indian mortar for crushing corn, and a clock, completed the furniture of the room.

There was no lack of visitors, for the house contained marvels the fame of which was noised abroad to the uttermost confines of the Huron nation. Chief among them was the clock. The guests would sit in expectant silence by the hour, squatted on the ground, waiting to hear it strike. They thought it was alive and asked what it ate. As the last stroke sounded, one of the Frenchmen would cry "Stop!" — and to the admiration of the company the obedient clock was silent. The mill was another wonder, and they never tired of turning it. Besides these, there was a prism and a magnet; also a magnifying glass, wherein a flea was transformed to a frightful monster, and a multiplying lens which showed them the same object eleven times repeated.

"What does the Captain say?" was the frequent question; for by this title of honor they designated the clock.

"When he strikes twelve times he says, 'Hang on the kettle'; and when he strikes four times he says, 'Get up and go home.'"

Both interpretations were remembered. At noon visitors were never wanting; but at the stroke of four all arose and departed, leaving the missionaries for a time in peace.

EDUCATION

JOHN RUSKIN

NOTE.— Ruskin uses words as an artist uses colors, choosing, combining, and arranging with unfailing skill and power. Notice the figures of speech, the allusions and references that are bound up in this brief selection.

Education is, indeed, of all differences not divinely appointed, an instant effacer and reconciler. Whatever is undivinely poor, it will make rich; whatever is undivinely maimed, and halt, and blind, it will make whole, and equal, and seeing. The blind and the lame are to it as to David at the siege of the Tower of Kings, "hated of David's soul."

But there are other divinely appointed differences, eternal as the ranks of the everlasting hills, and as the strength of their ceaseless waters. And these education does not do away with; but measures, manifests, and employs.

In the handful of shingle which you gather from the seabeach, which the indiscriminate sea, with equality of fraternal foam, has only educated to be, every one, round, you will see little difference between the noble and mean stones. But the jeweler's trenchant education of them will tell you another story. Even the meanest will be better for it, but the noblest so much better that you can class the two together no more.

The fair veins and colors are all clear now, and so stern is nature's intent regarding this, that not only will the polish show which is best, but the best will take the most polish. You shall not merely see they have more virtue than the others, but see that more of virtue more clearly; and the less virtue there is, the more dimly you shall see what there is of it.

"**hated of David's soul**": see 2 Samuel v. 6–10 for an account of the taking of Jerusalem. — **everlasting hills**: see Genesis xlix. 26.

MUNERA PULVERIS

JOHN RUSKIN

No soul can be perfect in an imperfect body: no body perfect without a perfect soul. Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face; every wrong action and foul thought its seal of distortion; and the various aspects of humanity might be read as plainly as a printed history, were it not that the impressions are so complex that it must always in some cases (and, in the present state of our knowledge, in all cases) be impossible to decipher them completely.

Nevertheless, the face of a consistently just, and of a consistently unjust person, may always be rightly distinguished at a glance; and if the qualities are continued by

descent through a generation or two, there arises a complete distinction of race. Both moral and physical qualities are communicated by descent far more than they can be developed by education (though both may be destroyed by want of education); and there is as yet no ascertained limit to the nobleness of person and mind which the human creature may attain by persevering observance of the laws of God respecting its birth and training.

The perfect type of manhood involves the perfections of his body, affections, and intelligence. Material things, therefore, which it is the object of political economy to produce and use (or accumulate for use), are things which serve either to sustain and comfort the body, or exercise rightly the affections and form the intelligence. Whatever truly serves either of these purposes is "useful" to man, wholesome, healthful, helpful, or holy. By seeking such things, man prolongs and increases his life upon the earth.

On the other hand, whatever does not serve either of these purposes, — much more whatever counteracts them, — is in like manner useless to man, unwholesome, unhelpful, or unholy; and by seeking such things man shortens and diminishes his life upon the earth.

And neither with respect to things useful or useless can man's estimate of them alter their nature. Certain substances being good for his food, and others noxious to him, what he thinks or wishes respecting them can neither

change nor prevent their power. If he eats corn, he will live; if nightshade, he will die.

If he produce or make good and beautiful things, they will re-create him (note the solemnity and weight of the word); if bad and ugly things, they will "corrupt" or "break in pieces," — that is, in the exact degree of their power, kill him. For every hour of labor, however enthusiastic or well intended, which he spends for that which is not bread, so much possibility of life is lost to him.

His fancies, likings, beliefs, however brilliant, eager, or obstinate, are of no avail if they are set on a false object. Of all that he has labored for, the eternal law of heaven and earth measures out to him for reward, to the utmost atom, that part which he ought to have labored for, and withdraws from him (or enforces on him, it may be) inexorably, that part which he ought not to have labored for until on his summer threshing floor stands his heap of corn; little or much, not according to his labor, but to his discretion. No "commercial arrangements," no painting of surfaces, nor alloying of substances, will avail him a pennyweight. Nature asks of him calmly and inevitably, What have you found, or formed — the right thing or the wrong? By the right thing you shall live; by the wrong you shall die.

To thoughtless persons it seems otherwise. The world looks to them as if they could cozen it out of some ways and means of life. But they cannot cozen IT: they can

only cozen their neighbors. The world is not to be cheated of a grain; not so much as a breath of its air can be drawn surreptitiously. For every piece of wise work done, so much life is granted; for every piece of foolish work, nothing; for every piece of wicked work, so much death is allotted.

This is as sure as the courses of day and night. But when the means of life are once produced, men, by their various struggles and industries of accumulation or exchange, may variously gather, waste, restrain, or distribute them; necessitating, in proportion to the waste or restraint, accurately, so much more death. The rate and range of additional death are measured by the rate and range of waste, and are inevitable; the only question (determined mostly by fraud in peace, and force in war) is, Who is to die, and how?

Such being the everlasting law of human existence, the essential work of the political economist is to determine what are in reality useful or life-giving things, and by what degrees and kinds of labor they are attainable and distributable.

munera pulveris (mōō′ne-ra pŏŏl′we-ris or mŭn′e-ra pŭl′ve-ris): gifts of dust. The reference is to a line in Horace (Book I, Ode 28), and the meaning is that the body and the soul have mutual obligations; that the body may have gifts for the soul as truly as the soul for the body. — **summer threshing floor**: see Daniel ii. 35. Ruskin's writings are full of references to the Bible.

OPPORTUNITY

Edward Rowland Sill

Edward Rowland Sill (1841–1887) was an American poet and essayist. He was a man of rare character and insight.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing —!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it; and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

shocked: came together with a shock. — **craven**: coward. — **blue blade**: a blade of finely tempered steel. — **sore bestead**: in great peril.

RALEIGH'S CLOAK

WALTER SCOTT

NOTE. — This selection is taken from a chapter in "Kenilworth." Young Walter Raleigh and his companion Blount have set off in a boat upon an errand to Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall.

They were launched on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth in all its splendor.

"There are two things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount, — "the sun in heaven and the Thames on the earth."

"The one will light us to Greenwich well enough," said Blount, "and the other would take us there a little faster if it were ebb tide. I could excuse both the sun and the moon the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go, and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble. By my honor," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labor in vain; for see, the Queen's barge lies at the stairs."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the Queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the

sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as Her Majesty was in the act of coming forth.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount. "Do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the Queen come forth," returned the youth composedly.

"Thou art mad," answered Blount.

"And thou," said Walter, "art turned coward of the sudden. I have seen thee face half a score of shag-headed kerns, and now thou wouldst blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady!"

At this moment the gates opened and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty.

The young cavalier had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted. His companion, on the contrary, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder — a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen's approach.

The warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye — an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited



among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly.

The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentlemen stood a small quantity of mud interrupted the Queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot so as to insure her stepping over it dry shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance.

The Queen was confused and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount.

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from Her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. The young cavalier was in the meanwhile guided to the water side by the pensioner who showed him considerable respect, a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the Queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the gentleman pensioner that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the Queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh.

At length one of the attendants, by the Queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the Queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the Queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak

still hung upon his arm and formed the natural topic with which the Queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her and answered with a grave inclination of the head and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please Your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of Your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the Queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! To give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. Yet thou mayst be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be. It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on 't."

Walter waited patiently until the Queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment Her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the Queen; "neither gold nor garment? What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honor — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy?" said the Queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when Your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The Queen again blushed, and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances — I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou? What is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious Queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."

"Raleigh," said Elizabeth after a moment's reflection; "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh; "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach Your Grace's ears."

"They hear farther than you think of," said the Queen graciously; "and have heard of a youth who defended a

ford against a whole band of wild rebels until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down; "but it was where my best is due; and that is in Your Majesty's service."

The Queen paused, and then said hastily, "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. Hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught courtly arts, knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it. He knew, perhaps, better than almost any of the courtiers who surrounded her, how to mix the devotion claimed by the Queen with the gallantry due to her personal beauty; and in this, his first attempt to unite them, he succeeded so well as at once to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity and her love of power.[1]

Abridged.

dog's wages: a beating or rough treatment of any kind. — **wot**: know. — **kerns**: peasant foot soldiers, a term often used in contempt. — **pensioners**: gentlemen who attended the sovereign on state occasions and received a small pension in recompense. — **aft**: toward the stern of a boat.

[1] The gallant incident of the cloak is the traditional account of this celebrated statesman's rise at court. None of Elizabeth's courtiers knew better than he how to make his court to her personal vanity, or could more justly estimate the quantity of flattery which she could condescend to swallow. (Scott.)

TRUTHFULNESS

George Eliot

George Eliot was the assumed name of Mary Ann Evans, an English novelist, who was born in 1819 and died in 1880. She was a gifted writer, and her books are remarkable as studies of human character. Those which are liked best by young people are "Silas Marner" and "The Mill on the Floss."

It is for this rare, precious quality of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings which lofty-minded people despise. I find a source of delicious sympathy in those faithful pictures of a monotonous homely existence, which has been the fate of so many more among my fellow-mortals than a life of pomp or of absolute indigence, of tragic suffering or of world-stirring actions.

I turn without shrinking, from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sibyls, and heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over her flowerpot, or eating her solitary dinner, while the noonday light, softened perhaps by a screen of leaves, falls on her mobcap and just touches the rim of her spinning wheel, and her stone jug, and all those cheap, common things which are the precious necessaries of life to her; or I turn to that village wedding, kept between four brown walls, where an awkward bridegroom opens the dance with a high-shouldered, broad-faced bride, while elderly and middle-aged friends look on, with very irregular noses and lips, but with an expression of

unmistakable contentment and good will. "Foh!" says my idealistic friend, "what vulgar details! What good is there in taking all these pains to give an exact likeness of old women and clowns? What a low phase of life! what clumsy, ugly people!"

But, bless us, things may be lovable that are not altogether handsome, I hope. I am not at all sure that the majority of the human race have not been ugly, and even among those "lords of their kind," the British, squat figures, ill-shapen nostrils, and dingy complexions are not startling exceptions. Yet there is a great deal of family love amongst us.

I have a friend or two whose class of features is such that the Apollo curl on their brows would be decidedly trying; yet, to my certain knowledge, tender hearts have beaten for them, and their miniatures — flattering, but still not lovely — are kissed in secret by motherly lips. I have seen many an excellent matron who could never in her best days have been handsome, and yet she had a packet of yellow love letters in a private drawer, and sweet children showered kisses on her sallow cheeks.

And I believe there have been plenty of young heroes, of middle stature and feeble beards, who have felt quite sure they could never love anything more insignificant than a Diana, and yet have found themselves in middle life happily settled with a wife who waddles. Yes! thank God; human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth;

it does not wait for beauty — it flows with resistless force and brings beauty with it.

All honor and reverence to the divine beauty of form! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women, and children — in our gardens and in our houses. But let us love that other beauty, too, which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of Art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house — those rounded backs and stupid, weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world — those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their onions.

In this world there are so many of these common, coarse people, who have no picturesque, sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore let Art always remind us of them; therefore let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of commonplace things — men who see beauty in these

commonplace things — and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them.

There are few prophets in the world; few sublimely beautiful women; few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities; I want a great deal of those feelings for my everyday fellow-men, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy. Neither are picturesque lazzaroni or romantic criminals half so frequent as your common laborer, who gets his own bread, and eats it vulgarly but creditably with his own pocket-knife.

It is more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, or in the clergyman of my own parish, who is, perhaps, rather too corpulent, and in other respects is not an Oberlin or a Tillotson, than at the deeds of heroes whom I shall never know except by hearsay, or at the sublimest abstract of all clerical graces that was ever conceived by an able novelist.

sibyl: a prophetess. — **Apollo's curl**: Apollo, who represented the Greek ideal of beauty, had curling locks. — **Dian'a**: the twin sister of Apollo; she was the ideal of grace and girlish vigor. — **lazzaro'ni**: beggars, so called from the hospital of St. Lazarus at Naples; this was a place of refuge for the destitute. — **O'berlin**: a famous German reformer who was born in 1740. — **Til'lotson**: an English preacher of the seventeenth century.

THE MARCH OF THE MARSEILLAIS

FÉLIX GRAS

[*Translated by Catharine A. Janvier*]

FÉLIX GRAS (fā-lix grä) was a French poet and story-writer, greatly beloved and honored by his countrymen of southern France. He died in 1901.

CATHARINE A. JANVIER is the wife of Thomas A. Janvier, an American story-writer.

NOTE. — "The Reds of the Midi," [1] from which this selection is adapted, is the story of a peasant boy and his march to Paris with the famous battalion who first sang the "Marseillaise." The French Revolution, that terrible conflict between the people of France and the nobility, was just beginning. Pascal is a simple, honest lad who longs to do away with the wrongs he sees about him. He is not wise enough to foresee or to understand the horrors of the coming conflict; to him it is all an exciting play, in which he is going to rid his country of a tyrant and bring liberty and prosperity to downtrodden France. For other stories of the time see "In the Lion's Mouth," by Eleanor Price, and "The Prince and the Peasant," by Harriet Martineau.

What an uproar! The whole square, blazing with sunlight, was crammed full of people, all talking and shouting and gesticulating at once, while the National Guard was getting into line. No one seemed to know what had happened.

"What is it all about?" I asked.

"What is it all about?" repeated one of the soldiers. "The king of France is a traitor. We are betrayed by our king. The Marseille battalion is on its way to Paris.

[1] Copyright, 1896, by D. Appleton & Co.

It will pass through Avignon. We are going to welcome these brave patriots."

Scarcely were we in line when a number of children came running toward us, screaming, "Here they are! here they are!"

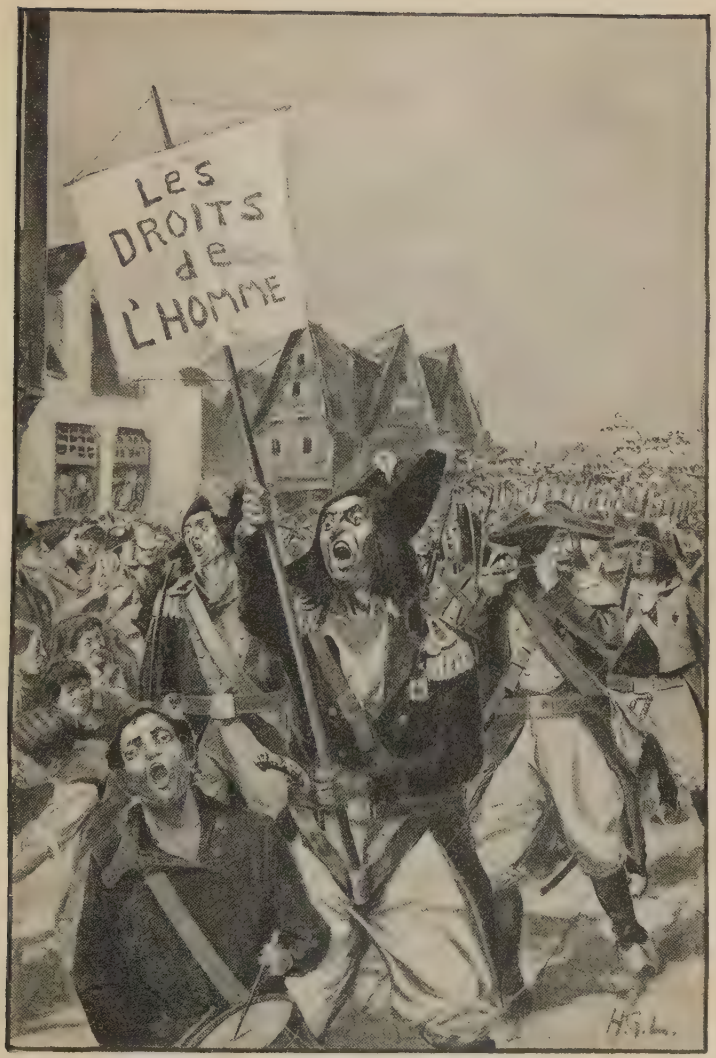
And then, around the turn of the road, brave in their red-plumed cocked hats, appeared the leaders of the Marseille battalion, while all the men together burst forth with

Forward, forward, countrymen!
The glorious day has come!

It was the "Marseillaise" that they were singing; and that famous hymn, heard then for the first time, stirred us down to the very marrow of our bones!

On they came — a big fellow carrying at their head a banner on which was painted in red letters, "The Rights of Man." On they came; we presented arms, and they passed between our files, still singing the "Marseillaise."

Oh, what a sight it was, — five hundred men, sunburnt as locust beans, with black eyes blazing like live coals under bushy eyebrows all white with the dust of the road! They wore green cloth coats turned back with red, like mine. Some wore cocked hats with waving feathers; some, red liberty caps with the strings flying back over their shoulders and the tricolor cockade perched over one ear. Each man had stuck in the barrel of his gun a willow or a poplar branch to shelter him from the sun,


LES
DROITS
de
L'HOMME

and all this greenery cast warm, dancing shadows over their faces that made the look of them still more fantastic and strange.

The whole battalion passed onward and was swallowed up in the city gate. As it disappeared we heard a strange noise like the clanking of chains or the rattle of loose iron, and then came four men hauling after them a rusty truck on which was a cannon. These men were harnessed to the truck as are oxen to the plow, and, like oxen, pulled from head and shoulders. With every muscle at full stretch they bent forward to their heavy task. Following this truck came another and still another. Gasping though the men were for breath, and almost spent with weariness, yet they too raised their heads and shouted as they passed through our ranks, "Long live the nation!"

. . . Day was dawning as we began our march with the battalion, and soon we were on the highroad under a blazing sun, kicking up the dust like twenty flocks of sheep and making our throats as dry as limekilns.

In spite of heat and dust, in spite of thirst and weariness, no one complained as we tramped steadily on, one body and one soul, with one will and one aim, — and that to make the traitor king and those Parisians who were traitors with him cry mercy.

At midday we reached Orange, where the whole town came to meet us. I can tell you I was a proud boy as I

entered that town! From my shoes to my eyebrows I was white with dust. My red cap was cocked over one ear. I kept my eyes glaringly wide open, so as to look fierce and dangerous. I howled the "Marseillaise" at the top of my voice as I marched — and I was sure that no one saw or heard anybody but me!

Hours went by; onward we marched through the black night. Oh, how long was that night and how weary that road! The darkness grew blacker and blacker. We were too tired to talk. The only sounds we heard were the rumbling of the cannon on the road and the chirping of crickets and croaking of frogs in the darkness near us in the fields. Drowsily we plodded on.

At last we came to a village just as the dawn began to whiten the sky. On the straw of some threshing floors we laid ourselves down for an hour's sleep. At sunrise we were in line again.

This time I stationed myself in the rear, beside the cannon. A tremendous longing to help pull the guns had taken hold of me, for I thought that if only I could be harnessed up with the others in that hard work I should not seem so young. I fancied to myself how I should look as we passed through the towns and villages — bending over and tugging at the straps, my eyes wide open and rolling ferociously, and all the while shouting in a voice as hoarse as I could make it, "Liberty forever!"

"Your turn will come in good time, little man," I was told. "We are not in Paris yet, and before we get there you will have quite enough to do to carry your bundle and your gun and your sword, that is a good deal longer than you are!"

This setback made me turn red with shame; but suddenly the drum beat the quickstep and we steadied our lines. We were entering a town crowded with people. After a short halt, we went to encamp beside a river.

How delicious it was to go down on one's elbows and stretch out at full length on the soft grass in the shade of the poplars and willows. I let my head fall between my hands and watched with great interest an ant who was carrying through the grass a crumb of bread bigger than himself. The little creature would get lost in a thick tangle of grass blades, or would slip down from a tall stem. In pity for him I would take a twig and help him on his way, putting the twig under him very gently so as not to hurt him, and so lifting him over a hard pass that would have cost him an hour of climbing to get over alone. And so the afternoon wore away.

We marched all night. Now we were coming to the frontiers of the north. There were no more olive trees and the soft sea wind of the Mediterranean was far away. But this was only the beginning of the march. We went steadily on, drinking the water of brooks and ditches, and taking only snatches of sleep as the chance came.

The endless road was always the same long, weary way. Footsore, hungry, weary, still we toiled on. Some of the men began to drag behind, limping on bleeding feet, but they struggled bravely along. To drown the murmurs of pain, which even the best of them could not wholly stifle, we sang the "Marseillaise." And at last, after days of weariness and hunger and thirst, we saw on the edge of the green plain the towers and spires of Paris.

A great crowd followed us into the city, — drawn on partly by the steady roll of the drums, but more strongly by the terrible chant of the "Marseillaise," which all the five hundred men of the battalion sang in one tremendous voice. Soon the crowd caught the words of the chorus and sang with us; and then it was no longer five hundred, but a thousand, ten thousand, twenty thousand, singers, singing with one voice.

Our weeks and weeks of marching were over. Now it seemed as if a great mountain were galloping after us, with its peaks and valleys and forests shaken and riven by the avalanche, the tempest, the earthquake of God!

king of France: Louis XVI. — **Avignon** (ä-vēn-yôN′): a city in the southeastern part of France. — **Marseillais** (mär-sā-yā′): men from the city of Marseille. — **the "Marseillaise"** (mär-sā-yāz′): the famous war song of the French Revolution, composed in 1792. — **tricolor cockade**: a cockade of red, white, and blue, which are the French colors as well as the American. — **Orange**: a town in France near Avignon.

WE SEE DIMLY IN THE PRESENT

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within, —
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 't is prosperous to be just;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

Messiah: the anointed; one consecrated to a holy purpose. — **the goats and the sheep**: see Matthew xxv. 33. — **the Delphic cave**: the ancient Greeks believed that they could learn the will of the gods through oracles. The famous oracle of Apollo was at Delphi, where, from a cleft in the rocks, it was said that strange sounds issued. These were interpreted by the priests. — **Doubting,** etc.: see the story of Peter (John xviii. 15–28).



QUEEN MAB

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

NOTE. — This selection is from "Romeo and Juliet." Mercutio, a friend of young Romeo, is trying to dispel his comrade's gloom.

Mercutio. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
. . . She comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,



Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat, . . .

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are: . . .
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night; . . .
This is she —

Romeo. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain. . . .

spinners: spiders. — **grub**: the larva of a beetle or insect. — **straight**: immediately. — **Spanish blades**: Spanish steel was held in high esteem. — — **healths**: drinking healths.

THE BELLS

EDGAR ALLAN POE

NOTE. — Poe's verse is distinguished by its melody and by its mystical language. No other American poet has ever equaled Poe in musical expression.

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!

From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells, —
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Runic: relating to the runes or mysterious characters of the old Norse language. — **eu'phony**: melodious sound.

IMMORTAL LIFE

Theodore Parker

Theodore Parker (1810–1860) was an American scholar and preacher whose ideas were so far in advance of his time that he was looked upon as a heretic. No one, however, could question the strength and purity of his character.

I would not slight this wondrous world. I love its day and night. Its flowers and its fruits are dear to me. I would not willfully lose sight of a departing cloud. Every year opens new beauty in a star, or in a purple gentian fringed with loveliness.

The laws, too, of matter seem more wonderful the more I study them, in the whirling eddies of the dust, in the curious shells of former life buried by thousands in a grain of chalk, or in the shining diagrams of light above my head. Even the ugly becomes beautiful when truly seen. I see the jewel in the bunchy toad.

The more I live, the more I love this lovely world; feel more its Author in each little thing — in all that 's great. But yet I feel my immortality the more. In childhood the consciousness of immortal life buds forth feeble, though full of promise. In the man it unfolds its fragrant petals, his most celestial flower, to mature its seed throughout eternity.

The prospect of that everlasting life, the perfect justice yet to come, the infinite progress before us, cheer and

comfort the heart. Sad and disappointed, full of self-reproach, we shall not be so forever. The light of heaven breaks upon the night of trial, sorrow, sin; the somber clouds which overhung the east, grown purple now, tell us the dawn of heaven is coming in.

Our faces, gleamed on by that, smile in the newborn glow; we are beguiled of our sadness before we are aware. The certainty of this provokes us to patience; it forbids us to be slothfully sorrowful. It calls us to be up and doing.

There is small merit in being willing to die; it seems almost sinful in a good man when the world needs him here so much. It is weak and unmanly to be always looking and sighing voluptuously for that. But it is of great comfort to have in your soul a sure trust in immortality; of great value here and now to anticipate time, and live to-day the eternal life.

This we may all do. The joys of heaven will begin as soon as we attain the character of heaven and do its duties. That may begin to-day. It is everlasting life to know God, — to have his spirit dwelling in you, — yourself at one with Him. Try that, and prove its worth.

Justice, usefulness, wisdom, religion, love are the best things we hope for in heaven. They are the best things of earth. Think no outlay of goodness and piety too great. You will find your reward begin here. As much

goodness and piety, so much heaven. Men will not pay you — God will; pay you now; pay you hereafter and forever.

the jewel in the toad: see Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Act II, Scene 1, line 13. The old belief was that a precious stone was to be found in a toad's head. — **somber**: literally, under the shade. — **provoke**: stimulate, arouse. It is in its secondary meaning that *to provoke* is to make angry.

ODE TO DUTY

WORDSWORTH

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot

Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:

Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

THE LAST DAYS OF COLONEL NEWCOME

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

NOTE. — Of all Thackeray's characters Colonel Newcome is the most lovable. The kindly old man, whose life has been a series of disappointments, loses his money and comes to spend his last days at the Charter House, a hospital and school founded in the seventeenth century by a London merchant. Clive is Colonel Newcome's son, and Ethel is his niece.

Our Colonel, we were all obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially when Boy came his eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and with eager, trembling hands he would seek under his bedclothes, or in the pockets of his dressing gown, for toys or cakes which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson.

There was a little, laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways; and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him "Codd Colonel."

"Tell little F—— that Codd Colonel wants to see him"; and the little gown-boy was brought to him, and the Colonel would listen to him for hours, and hear all about

his lessons and his play, and prattle almost as childishly about his own early school days.

The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know



and love him. They came every day to hear news of him, sent him in books and papers to amuse him, and some benevolent young souls — God's blessing on all

honest boys, say I — painted theatrical characters and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown which delighted the old man hugely. . . .

So weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again, — a youth all love and hope, — a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble, careworn face.

At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and good will dwelt in it. . . .

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there.

One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and how Greyfriars was in and winning.

The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. Go, run away, little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend.

After the child had gone Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindoostanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "*Toujours, toujours!*" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there. . . .

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad, he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady, but he will not know you," she said, going up to Madame de Florac. She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; then again he would sigh and be still; once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India"; and then with a heart-rending voice he called out, "Léonore, Léonore!" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And, just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "*Adsum!*" and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.

Codd Colonel: Thackeray, who was himself a Charter House boy, says that the boys of the school called the old gentlemen pensioners of the hospital *Codds*, and adds, "I know not wherefore." — **Greyfriars**: the name given by Thackeray in this novel to the Charter House. — **sovereign**: a gold coin worth nearly five dollars. — **Hindoostă'nee**: Colonel Newcome had been an officer in India. — **toujours** (too-zhoor'): French for *always*. — **Adsum**: Latin for *I am here*.

WISDOM AND PRUDENCE

JOHN RUSKIN

Suppose that two young ladies — I assume in my present lectures that none are present, and that we may say among ourselves what we like; and we do like, do we not, to suppose that young ladies excel us only in prudence, and not in wisdom? — let us suppose that two young ladies go to the observatory on a winter night, and that one is so anxious to look at the stars that she does not care whether she gives herself cold or not; but the other is prudent, and takes care, and looks at the stars only as long as she can without catching cold.

In Aristotle's mind the first young lady would properly deserve the name of Sophia and the other that of Prudence. But in order to judge them fairly we must assume that they are acting under exactly the same conditions. Assume that they both equally desire to look at the stars; then the fact that one of them stops when it would be dangerous to look longer does not show that she is less wise, — less interested, that is to say, in surpassing and marvelous things, — but it shows that she has more self-command, and is able to remember what the other does not think of. She is equally wise and more sensible.

But suppose that the girls are different in disposition; and that the one, having more imagination than the

other, is more interested in these things; so that the self-command which is enough to stop the other, who cares little for the stars, is not enough to stop her, who cares much for them; — you would say, then, that the girls being equally sensible, the one that caught cold was the wiser.

Let us make a further supposition. Returning to our first condition, that both the girls desire equally to look at the stars, let us put it now that both have equal self-command, and would, therefore, supposing no other motives were in their minds, together go on star-gazing, or together stop star-gazing; but that one of them has greater consideration for her friends than the other, and though she would not mind catching cold for her own part, would mind it much for fear of giving her mother trouble. She will leave the stars first, therefore; but should we be right now in saying that she was only more sensible than her companion, and not more wise? This respect for the feelings of others, this understanding of her duty towards others, is a much higher thing than the love of stars. It is an imaginative knowledge, not of balls of fire or differences of space, but of the feelings of living creatures, and of the forces of duty by which they justly move.

Will you have patience with me for one supposition more? We may assume the attraction of the spectacle of the heavens to be equal in degree, and yet, in the minds of the two girls, it may be entirely different in kind. Supposing the one versed somewhat in abstract science, and

more or less acquainted with the laws by which what she now sees may be explained; she will probably take interest chiefly in questions of distance and magnitude, in varieties of orbit and proportions of light.

Supposing the other not versed in any science of this kind, but acquainted with the traditions attached by the religion of dead nations to the figures they discerned in the sky; she will care little for arithmetical or geometrical matters, but will probably receive a much deeper emotion from witnessing in clearness what has been the amazement of so many eyes long closed, and recognizing the same lights, through the same darkness, with innocent shepherds and husbandmen, who knew only the risings and settings of the immeasurable vault, as its lights shone on their own fields or mountains, yet saw true miracle in them, thankful that none but the Supreme Ruler could bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion.

I surely need not tell you that in this exertion of the intellect and the heart there would be a far nobler sophia than any concerned with the analysis of matter or the measurement of space.

Ar'istotle: a Greek philosopher who believed that all reasoning should begin with a fact and end with a truth, as in geometry. — **Sophi'a**: a Greek name meaning wisdom. — **the sweet influences of Pleiades**: see Job xxxviii. 31. The name *Pleiades* comes from the Greek word for *sail*, as the time of their rising was considered to mark that of safe navigation. According to a Greek fable, Orion was bound with heavy fetters. See note on these familiar constellations in Book Five, page 139.

THE CHARGE AT SAN JUAN[1]

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS is an American journalist and author. As a war correspondent and as a novelist Mr. Davis has shown himself master of a brilliant and vivid style.

NOTE. — The charge at San Juan was one of the principal military events in the late war with Spain. It was an incident of the siege of Santiago in the early summer of 1898.

I have seen many illustrations and pictures of this charge on the San Juan hills, but none of them seems to show it just as I remember it. In the picture papers the men are running up hill swiftly and gallantly, in regular formation, rank after rank, with flags flying, their eyes aflame, and their hair streaming, their bayonets fixed in long, brilliant lines, an invincible, overpowering weight of numbers. Instead of which, I think the thing which impressed one the most when our men started from cover was that they were so few.

It seemed as if some one had made an awful and terrible mistake. One's instinct was to call to them to come back. You felt that some one had blundered and that these few men were blindly following out some madman's mad order. It was not heroic then, — it seemed merely terribly pathetic. The pity of it, the folly of such a sacrifice, was what held you.

[1] From "The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns." Copyright, 1898. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

They had no glittering bayonets, they were not massed in regular array. There were a few men in advance, bunched together, and creeping up a steep, sunny hill, the top of which roared and flashed with flame. The men



held their guns pressed across their breasts and stepped heavily as they climbed.

Behind these first few, spreading out like a fan, were single lines of men, slipping and scrambling in the smooth grass, moving forward with difficulty, as though they

were wading waist high through water, moving slowly, carefully, with strenuous effort. It was much more wonderful than any swinging charge could have been. They walked to greet death at every step; many of them, as they advanced, sinking suddenly or pitching forward and disappearing in the high grass; but the others waded on stubbornly, forming a thin blue line that kept creeping higher and higher up the hill. It was as inevitable as the rising tide. It was a miracle of self-sacrifice, a triumph of bulldog courage, which one watched breathless with wonder.

The fire of the Spanish riflemen, who still stuck bravely to their posts, doubled and trebled in fierceness, the crests of the hills crackled and burst in amazed roars, and ripped with waves of tiny flame. But the blue line crept steadily on and on, and then near the top the broken fragments gathered together with a sudden burst of speed. The Spaniards appeared for a moment outlined against the sky and poised for instant flight, fired a last volley, and fled before the swift-moving wave that leaped and sprang up after them.

And from far overhead, from these few figures perched on the Spanish rifle pits, with their flags planted among the empty cartridges of the enemy, and overlooking the walls of Santiago, came faintly the sound of a tired, broken cheer.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY

Daniel Webster

Daniel Webster (1782–1852) is one of the most brilliant figures in American history. He studied law and became famous as a debater and as an ardent Federalist. His defense of the Union, in 1830, has been called "the most remarkable speech ever made in the American Congress." To quote the words of Carlyle, he was a "Parliamentary Hercules." Webster's personality was remarkably impressive.

It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, our sympathies, and our happiness, with what is distant in place or time; and, looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors and our posterity.

Human and mortal though we are, we are nevertheless not mere insulated beings, without relation to the past or the future. Neither the point of time nor the spot of earth in which we physically live, bounds our rational and intellectual enjoyments. We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation.

By ascending to an association with our ancestors; by contemplating their example and studying their character; by partaking their sentiments and imbibing their spirit; by accompanying them in their toils; by sympathizing in their sufferings and rejoicing in their successes and their triumphs, — we seem to belong to their age and mingle

our existence with theirs. We become their contemporaries, live the lives which they lived, endure what they endured, and partake of the rewards which they enjoyed.

And in like manner, by running along the line of future time; by contemplating the probable fortunes of those who are coming after us; by attempting something that may promote their happiness and leave some not dishonorable memorial of ourselves for their regard, when we shall sleep with the fathers, — we protract our own earthly being, and seem to crowd whatever is future, as well as all that is past, into the narrow compass of our earthly existence.

As it is not a vain and false but an exalted and religious imagination which leads us to raise our thoughts from the orb which amidst this universe of worlds the Creator has given us to inhabit, and to send with them something of the feeling which nature prompts and teaches to be proper among children of the same Eternal Parent, to the contemplation of the myriads of fellow-beings with which his goodness has peopled the infinite of space; so neither is it false or vain to consider ourselves as interested and connected with our whole race through all time, allied to our ancestors, allied to our posterity, closely compacted on all sides with others, ourselves being but links in the great chain of being which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding

together the past, the present, and the future, and terminating at last with the consummation of all things earthly at the throne of God.

There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes only a weak pride, as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice or hides the workings of a low and groveling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors which elevates the character and improves the heart.

Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which is departed; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments and thoughts, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it.

Poetry is found to have few stronger conceptions, by which it would affect or overwhelm the mind, than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the departed dead to the senses of the living. This belongs to poetry only because it is congenial to our nature. Poetry is in this respect but the handmaid of true philosophy and religion.

INDIRECTION

Richard Realf

Richard Realf (1834–1878) was a poet of English birth who came to America in 1854, and later served in our Civil War.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle
suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps
it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes
it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-
mastered the meter.

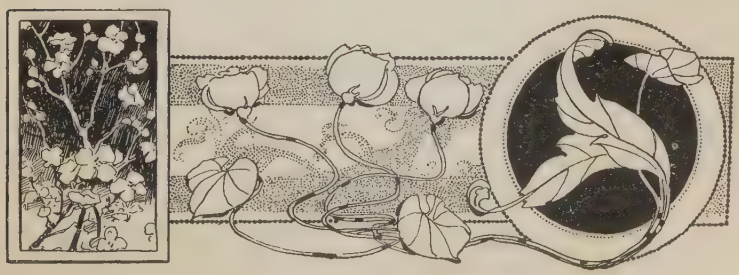
Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the
growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the
flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he
did enfold him;
Never a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath fore-
told him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and
hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is
bidden;

Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward Creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm; but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.



SIR GALAHAD

ALFRED TENNYSON

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
  On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
  To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
  My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love,
  Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
  Me mightier transports move and thrill;

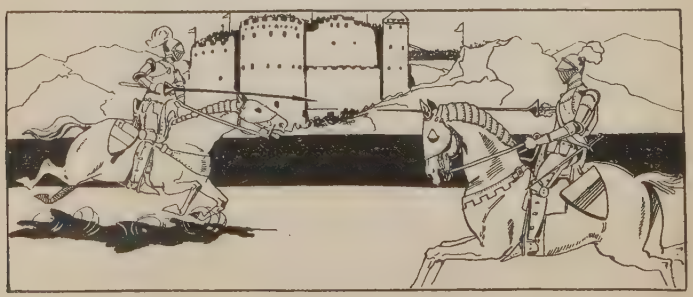
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer,
A virgin heart in work and will. . . .

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain walls
A rolling organ harmony
Swells up and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

brand: sword. What other poet makes frequent use of this word? — **lists**: an enclosed field where tournaments were held. Ladies attended these knightly combats and rewarded the victors. — **the leads**: roofs were frequently covered with sheets of lead, and were therefore called "leads." — **the Holy Grail**: the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper. The search for this cup was the coveted mission of King Arthur's knights. The quest was finally intrusted to Sir Galahad, because "his heart was pure."



THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS XVI

THOMAS CARLYLE

NOTE. — The escape of Louis XVI, with his subsequent capture, forms one of the most striking episodes in Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," from which the following account is taken.

On Monday night, the 20th of June, 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney-coach and glass-coach still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris. But of all glass-coaches, we recommend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up hard by the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries, opposite Ronsin the saddler's door, as if waiting for a fare there.

Not long does it wait; a hooded Dame, with two hooded Children, has issued from a door, where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court of Princes; into the Carrousel; into the street, where the Glass-coachman readily admits them and again waits. Not long; another Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good-night; and is, in the same manner, by the Glass-coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many Dames? All the palace world is retiring home. But the Glass-coachman still waits, his fare seemingly incomplete.

By and by, we note a thick-set Individual, in rou d hat and peruke, arm-in-arm with some servant; he also issues



through the same door; starts a shoe-buckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again; is, however, by the Glass-coachman still more cheerfully admitted. And *now*, is his fare complete? Not yet; the Glass-coachman still waits.

Alas! and the false Chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family will fly this very night; and Gouvion, distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette; and Lafayette's carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this minute through the inner Arch of the Carrousel, — where a Lady, shaded in broad gypsy hat and leaning on the arm of a servant, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with the light little rod, such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court of Princes; sentries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth rest. Your false Chambermaid must have been mistaken. Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus's vigilance; for, of a truth, treachery is within these walls.

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy hat and touched the wheel-spoke with her wand? O Reader, that Lady was the Queen of France! She has issued safe through that inner arch, but not into the street itself. Fluttered by the rattle and rencounter she took the right hand, not the left; neither she nor her courier knows Paris; he, indeed, is no courier, but a loyal, stupid

Bodyguard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Royal Bridge and the River, roaming disconsolate, far from the Glass-coachman who still waits.

Midnight clangs from all the City steeples; one precious hour has been spent so. Most mortals are asleep. The Glass-coachman waits, and in what mood? Be the Heavens blest! here at length is the Queen-lady, in gypsy hat, safe after perils, who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted; her courier jumps aloft, as the other has done; and now, O Glass-coachman of a thousand, — Count Fersen, for the Reader sees it is thou, — drive!

Crack! crack! the Glass-coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road? Northeastward, to the Barrier of St. Martin, thither were we bound; and lo! he drives right Northward. The royal Individual, in round hat and peruke, sits astonished; but, right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, crack, we go incessant through the slumbering City! Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Long-haired Kings went in Bullock-carts, was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant; and we alive and quaking! Patience, ye Royal Individuals; Fersen understands what he is about.

. . . Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here is the sleeping hamlet of Bondy, Chaise with waiting-women; horses all ready, and postilions impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the

postilions vault into the saddle; brandish circularly their little noisy whips. Fersen bends in lowly, silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless, inexpressible responses. . . . Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward through the country, finds his German Coachman and chariot; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space. A deft, active man, we say; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done.

. . . And so the Royalty of France is actually fled. This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies and drives. O Louis! and this all round thee is the great slumbering Earth and overhead the great watchful Heaven. But right ahead the Northeast sends up evermore his gray, brindled dawn; from dewy branch birds here and there salute the coming Sun. The Universe, O my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the levee of the GREAT HIGH KING.

glass-coach: a superior kind of public carriage. Formerly only private carriages had glass windows. — **the Carrousel**: a square in Paris, at one time an entrance to the Tuileries. — **the Tuileries** (twēl'rēz): the royal residence. — **peruke**: wig. — **Gou'vion**: a French officer. He had served in the American Revolution. — **the Beautiful**: the ladies of fashion. — **Argus**: according to the Greek myth Argus had one hundred eyes and never slept with more than two at a time. — **cou'rier**: an attendant on travelers. — **roaming disconsolate**: this story of the queen's losing her way is of doubtful accuracy. — **Count Fersen**: "a gallant soldier and Swede, devoted to the Queen" (Carlyle). — **Paris rose out of mud**: for many centuries Paris comprised only one small island in the Seine. — **Long-haired Kings**: the early rulers of France wore their hair long. — **postil'ions**: men who ride and guide the leading horses of a coach. — **levee** (lev-ee'): literally, the *rising*. A morning reception.

THE LOFODEN ISLANDS

EDMUND GOSSE

EDMUND GOSSE (1849–) is an English poet and critic who has made a special study of Scandinavian literature.

I imagine that to most minds the Lofoden Islands are associated with little except schoolbook legends of the maelstrom, and perhaps the undesirable savor of cod-liver oil. With some they have a shadowy suggestion of ironbound rocks, full of danger and horror, repulsive and sterile, and past the limit of civilization. So little has been written about them, and that little is so inadequate, that I cannot wonder at the indifference to their existence which prevails.

The Lofoden Islands are an archipelago lying off the Arctic coast of Norway. Although in the same latitude as central Greenland and Siberia, they enjoy, in common with all the outer coast of Scandinavia, a comparatively mild climate. Even in the severest winters their harbors are not frozen. The group extends at an acute angle to the mainland for about one hundred and forty miles, northeast and southwest. In shape they seem on the map like a great wedge thrust out into the Atlantic, the point being the desolate rock of Röst, the most southerly of the islands; but this wedge is not solid: the center is occupied by a sea lake, which communicates by many

channels with the ocean. All of the islands are mountainous and of the most fantastic forms. They are inhabited by scattered families of fishermen. There is no town, scarcely a village; it is but a scanty population so barren and wild a land will support.

But, quiet and noiseless as the shores are when the traveler sees them in their summer rest, they are busy enough and full of animation in the months of March and April. As soon as the tedious, sunless winter has passed away, the peculiar Norwegian boats, standing high in the water, with prow and stern alike curved upwards, begin to crowd into the Lofoden harbors from all parts of the vast Scandinavian coast. It is the never-failing harvest of codfish that they seek. The number of boats collected has been estimated at three thousand; and as each contains on an average five men, the population of the Lofodens in March must be very considerable.

Unfortunately for these "toilers of the sea," the early spring is a season of stormy weather and tumultuous seas; and when the wind is blowing from the northwest or from the southwest, they are especially exposed to danger. It is, however, a matter of regret to me that truth obliges me to raze to the ground with ruthless hand the romantic fabric of fable that has surrounded one of these islands from time immemorial. The maelstrom, the terrific whirlpool that

Whirled to death the roaring whale,

that sucked the largest ships into its monstrous vortex, and thundered so loudly that the rings on the doors of houses ten miles off shook at the sound of it, — this wonder of the world must, alas! retire to that limbo where the myths of old credulity gather in a motley and fantastic array.

There is no such whirlpool. This passage is one of those narrow straits, so common on the Norwegian coast, where the current of water sets with such persistent force in one direction that when the tide or an adverse wind meets it a great agitation of the surface takes place. I have seen, on one of the narrow sounds, the tide meet the current with such violence as to raise a little hissing wall across the water, which gave out a loud noise. This was in the calmest of weather; and it is easy to believe that such a phenomenon, occurring during a storm or when the sea was violently disturbed, would cause small boats passing over the spot to be in great peril, and might even suddenly swamp them. Some such disaster, observed from the shore, and exaggerated by the terror of the beholder, doubtless gave rise to the prodigious legends of the maelstrom.

In ordinary years the snow disappears from the low ground in these islands before May, and the rapid summer brings their scanty harvest soon to perfection. A few years ago, however, the snow lay on the cultivated lands till June, and a famine ensued. These poor people

live a precarious life, exposed to the attacks of a singularly peevish climate. A whim of the codfish, a hurricane in the April sky, or a cold spring, is sufficient to plunge them into distress and poverty. Yet for all this they are an honest and well-to-do population; for, being thrifty and laborious, they guard with much foresight against the severities of nature.

In winter the aurora scintillates over their solemn mountains, and illuminates the snows and wan gray sea; they sit at their cottage doors and spin by the gleam of it; in summer the sun never sets, and they have the advantage of endless light to husband their hardly won crops. Remote as they are, too, they can all read and write: it is strange to find how much intelligent interest they take in the struggles of great peoples who never heard of Lofoden.

I would fain linger over the delicious memories that the name of these wild islands brings with it; and especially do I recall the last sight I had of them on a calm sunny night in summer.

It had been a cloudless day of excessive heat, and the comparative coolness of night was refreshing. The light, too, ceased to be garish, but flooded all the air with mellow luster. The surface of the fiord was slightly broken into little tossing waves that, murmuring faintly, were the only things that broke the silence. The edge of the ripple shone with the color of burnished bronze, relieved by the cool neutral gray of the sea hollows.

The entrance to the sound was unbroken by any wave, unillumined by any light of sunset or sunrise, but was a somber reflex of the unstained blue heaven above. As we glided, in the same utter noiselessness of the hour when evening and morning meet, up the Räfsund itself, the glory and beauty of the scene rose to a pitch so high that the spirit was oppressed and overawed by it, and the eyes could scarcely fulfill their function.

Ahead of the vessel the narrow vista of glassy water was a blaze of purple and golden color arranged in a faultless harmony of tone that was like music or lyrical verse in its direct appeal to the emotions. At each side the fiord reflected each elbow, each edge, each cataract, and even the flowers and herbs of the base with a precision so absolute that it was hard to tell where mountain ended and sea began. The center of the sound was the climax of loveliness, for here the harmonious vista was broadened and deepened, and here rose Iistind towering into the unclouded heavens, and showing by the rays of golden splendor that lit up its topmost snows that it could see the sun whose magical fingers, working unseen of us, had woven for the world this tissue of variegated beauty.

Abridged.

Lo̊fo̊'den. — **Röst**: the ö is pronounced like *u* in urn. — **limbo**: according to an old belief, this was a place where departed spirits were confined. It was supposed to be on the borders of hell. — **the Räfsund** (rĕf'soon): a narrow channel fifteen miles long. — **Iistind** (ēs'tin): a notable mountain peak.

THE INDIAN GIRL

Zitkala-Ša

Zitkala-Ša (zit-kä'la-shä) is a young Indian woman whose account of her childhood and school days was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1900. When she was eight years old she left her home on a Dakota reservation to go to school in the East. Her heart is in the work of bettering the condition of her people.

I was a wild little girl of seven. Loosely clad in a slip of brown buckskin, and light-footed with a pair of soft moccasins on my feet, I was as free as the wind that blew my hair, and no less spirited than a bounding deer. These were my mother's pride, — my wild freedom and overflowing spirits. She taught me no fear save that of intruding myself upon others.

In the early morning our simple breakfast was spread upon the grass west of our tepee. At the farthest point of the shade my mother sat beside her fire, toasting a savory piece of dried meat. Near her I sat upon my feet, eating my dried meat with unleavened bread, and drinking strong black coffee.

Soon after breakfast mother sometimes began her beadwork. On a bright, clear day she pulled out the wooden pegs that pinned the skirt of our wigwam to the ground, and rolled up the canvas on its frame of slender poles. Then the cool morning breezes swept freely through our

dwelling, now and then wafting the perfume of sweet grasses from newly burnt prairie.

Untying the long, tasseled strings that bound a small brown buckskin bag, my mother spread upon a mat beside her bunches of colored beads, just as an artist arranges the paints upon his palette. On a lapboard she smoothed out a double sheet of soft white buckskin; and drawing from a beaded case that hung on the left of her wide belt a long, narrow blade, she trimmed the buckskin into shape. Often she worked upon moccasins for her small daughter. Then I became intensely interested in her designing. With a proud, beaming face I watched her work. In imagination I saw myself walking in a new pair of snugly fitting moccasins. I felt the eyes of my playmates upon the pretty red beads decorating my feet.

Close beside my mother I sat on a rug, with a scrap of buckskin in one hand and an awl in the other. This was the beginning of my practical observation lessons in the art of beadwork. It took many trials before I learned how to knot my sinew thread on the point of my finger, as I saw her do. Then the next difficulty was in keeping my thread stiffly twisted, so that I could easily string my beads upon it. My mother required of me original designs for my lessons in beading. At first I frequently insnared many a sunny hour into working a long design. Soon I learned from self-inflicted punishment to refrain from drawing complex patterns, for I had to finish whatever I began.

After some experience I usually drew easy and simple crosses and squares. My original designs were not always symmetrical nor sufficiently characteristic, two faults with which my mother had little patience. The quietness of



her oversight made me feel responsible and dependent upon my own judgment. She treated me as a dignified little individual as long as I was on my good behavior; and how humiliated I was when some boldness of mine drew forth a rebuke from her!

Always after these confining lessons I was wild with surplus spirits, and found joyous relief in running loose in the open again. Many a summer afternoon a party of four or five of my playmates roamed over the hills with me. I remember well how we used to exchange our necklaces, beaded belts, and sometimes even our moccasins. We pretended to offer them as gifts to one another. We delighted in impersonating our own mothers. We talked of things we had heard them say in their conversations. We imitated their various manners, even to the inflection of their voices. In the lap of the prairie we seated ourselves upon our feet; and leaning our painted cheeks in the palms of our hands, we rested our elbows on our knees, and bent forward as old women were accustomed to do.

While one was telling of some heroic deed recently done by a near relative, the rest of us listened attentively, and exclaimed in undertones, "Han! han!" (Yes! yes!) whenever the speaker paused for breath, or sometimes for our sympathy. As the discourse became more thrilling, according to our ideas, we raised our voices in these interjections.

No matter how exciting a tale we might be rehearsing, the mere shifting of a cloud shadow in the landscape near by was sufficient to change our impulses; and soon we were all chasing the great shadows that played among the hills. We shouted and whooped in the chase; laughing

and calling to one another, we were like little sportive nymphs on that Dakota sea of rolling green.

One summer afternoon my mother left me alone in our wigwam, while she went across the way to my aunt's dwelling.

I did not much like to stay alone in our tepee, for I feared a tall, broad-shouldered crazy man, some forty years old, who walked among the hills. Wiyaka-Napbina (Wearer of a Feather Necklace) was harmless, and whenever he came into a wigwam he was driven there by extreme hunger. In one tawny arm he used to carry a heavy bunch of wild sunflowers that he gathered in his aimless ramblings. His black hair was matted by the winds and scorched into a dry red by the constant summer sun. As he took great strides, placing one brown bare foot directly in front of the other, he swung his long lean arm to and fro.

I felt so sorry for the man in his misfortune that I prayed to the Great Spirit to restore him, but though I pitied him at a distance, I was still afraid of him when he appeared near our wigwam.

Thus, when my mother left me by myself that afternoon, I sat in a fearful mood within our tepee. I recalled all I had ever heard about Wiyaka-Napbina; and I tried to assure myself that though he might pass near by, he would not come to our wigwam because there was no little girl around our grounds.

Just then, from without, a hand lifted the canvas covering of the entrance; the shadow of a man fell within the wigwam, and a roughly-moccasined foot was planted inside.

For a moment I did not dare to breathe or stir, for I thought that it could be no other than Wiyaka-Napbina. The next instant I sighed aloud in relief. It was an old grandfather who had often told me Iktomi legends.

"Where is your mother, my little grandchild?" were his first words.

"My mother is soon coming back from my aunt's tepee," I replied.

"Then I shall wait awhile for her return," he said, crossing his feet and seating himself upon a mat.

At once I began to play the part of a generous hostess. I turned to my mother's coffeepot.

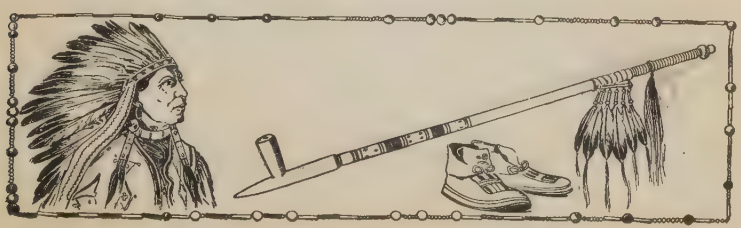
Lifting the lid I found nothing but coffee grounds in the bottom. I set the pot on a heap of cold ashes in the center of the wigwam, and filled it half full of warm Missouri River water. During this performance I felt conscious of being watched. Then breaking off a small piece of our unleavened bread, I placed it in a bowl. Turning soon to the coffeepot, which would not have boiled on a dead fire had I waited forever, I poured out a cup of worse than muddy warm water. Carrying the bowl in one hand and the cup in the other, I handed the light luncheon to the old warrior. I offered them to him with the air of bestowing generous hospitality.

"How! how!" he said, and placed the dishes on the ground in front of his crossed feet. He nibbled at the bread and sipped from the cup. I sat back against a pole watching him. I was proud to have succeeded so well in serving refreshments to a guest. Before the old warrior had finished eating, my mother entered. Immediately she wondered where I had found coffee, for she knew I had never made any and that she had left the coffeepot empty. Answering the question in my mother's eyes, the warrior remarked, "My granddaughter made coffee on a heap of dead ashes, and served me the moment I came."

They both laughed, and mother said, "Wait a little longer, and I will build a fire." She meant to make some real coffee. But neither she nor the warrior, whom the law of our custom had compelled to partake of my insipid hospitality, said anything to embarrass me. They treated my best judgment, poor as it was, with the utmost respect. It was not till long years afterward that I learned how ridiculous a thing I had done.

Abridged.

tepee': an Indian wigwam. — **unleav'ened**: without yeast or leaven. — **Wiyaka-Napbina** (we-ya-kä'-nap-bee-nä'). — **Ikto'mi**: the "spider fairy" of Indian legends, a being full of craft and invention, who is like "Brer Rabbit" in "Uncle Remus."



A GREAT ROMANCE

William Hazlitt

William Hazlitt (1778–1830) was an English critic and essayist.

I shall begin with the history of the renowned Don Quixote, who presents something more stately, more romantic, and at the same time more real to the imagination, than any other hero upon record. His lineaments, his accouterments, his pasteboard visor are familiar to us; and Mambrino's helmet still glitters in the sun. We not only feel the greatest love and veneration for the knight himself, but a certain respect for all those connected with him, — the curate and Master Nicholas, Sancho and Dapple, and even for Rozinante's leanness and his errors.

Perhaps there is no work which combines so much whimsical invention with such an air of truth. Its popularity is almost unequaled, and yet its merits have not been sufficiently understood. The story is the least part of them, though the blunders of Sancho and the unlucky adventures of his master are what naturally catch the attention of the majority of readers. The pathos and the dignity of the sentiments are often disguised under the ludicrousness of the subject, and provoke laughter when they well might draw tears.

The character of Don Quixote himself is one of the most perfect disinterestedness. He is an enthusiast of

the most amiable kind; of a nature equally open, gentle, and generous; a lover of truth and justice; and one who had brooded over the fine dreams of chivalry and romance till they had robbed him of himself and cheated his brain into a belief of their reality.

There cannot be a greater mistake than to consider "Don Quixote" as a merely satirical work, or as a vulgar attempt to explode the "long-forgotten order of chivalry." There could be no need to explode what no longer existed. Besides, Cervantes himself was a man of the most sanguine and enthusiastic temperament; and even through the crazed and battered figure of the knight the spirit of chivalry shines out with undiminished luster, as if the author had half designed to revive the examples of past ages, and once more to "witch the world with noble horsemanship." Oh, if ever the moldering flame of Spanish liberty is destined to break forth, wrapping the tyrant and the tyranny in one consuming blaze, that the spark of generous sentiment and romantic enterprise, from which it must be kindled, has not been quite extinguished, will perhaps be owing to thee, Cervantes, and to thy "Don Quixote!"

Don Quixote: see Book Six, page 133. — **Mambrino** (mam-brē′no): a Moorish king who was supposed to possess a magic helmet of beaten gold. Don Quixote, meeting a village barber who had clapped his brass basin on his head to keep his new hat from the rain, was convinced that it was nothing less than Mambrino's helmet. — **the curate and Master Nicholas**: friends of Don Quixote. — **to "witch the world with noble horsemanship"**: see Shakespeare's "Henry IV," Act IV, Scene 1. — **moldering**: wasting away.

FREEDOM

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Freedom all winged expands,
Nor perches in a narrow place;
Her broad van seeks unplanted lands;
She loves a poor and virtuous race.
Clinging to a colder zone
Whose dark sky sheds the snowflake down,
The snowflake is her banner's star,
Her stripes the boreal streamers are.
Long she loved the Northman well;
Now the iron age is done
She will not refuse to dwell
With the offspring of the sun;
Foundling of the desert far,
Where palms plume, siroccos blaze,
He roves unhurt the burning ways
In climates of the summer star.
He has avenues to God
Hid from men of Northern brain,
Far beholding, without cloud,
What these with slowest steps attain.

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys

To hazard all in Freedom's fight, —
Break sharply off their jolly games,
Forsake their comrades gay,
And quit proud homes and youthful dames,
For famine, toil, and fray?
Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

From "Voluntaries."

HUMANITY

William Cowper

William Cowper (koo'per) was an English poet. He was born in 1731 and died in 1800.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THOMAS GRAY

THOMAS GRAY (1716–1771) is considered one of the great English poets. His "Elegy" is widely known and loved.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.



For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

. . . . . .

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

. . . . . .

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

. . . . . .

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heav'n ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(*There they alike in trembling hope repose,*)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

cur'few: from two French words, meaning "to cover the fire." The ringing of an evening bell was instituted by William the Conqueror as a signal that it was time to put out the lights and go to rest. — **awaits**: this is often printed *await*, but the subject is *hour*, and *awaits* is therefore correct. — **Hampden**: a great English statesman. — **Cromwell**: Oliver Cromwell, lord protector of the English commonwealth.

READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

NOTE.— The Book of Job is one of the great glories of literature. It is a poem which tells of Job's piety and patience under many sufferings, his doubts and despair, and finally, his recognition of God's power and knowledge. These lines are taken from the closing passages of the book.

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?

Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding.

Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?

Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof;

When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth?

And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?

Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days; and caused the dayspring to know his place?

Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?

Have the gates of death been opened unto thee?

Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth? declare if thou knowest it all.

Where is the way where light dwelleth? and as for darkness, where is the place thereof?

Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born? or because the number of thy days is great?

Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail?

By what way is the light parted, which scattereth the east wind upon the earth?

Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters, or a way for the lightning of thunder;

To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is; on the wilderness, wherein there is no man;

To satisfy the desolate and waste ground; and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?

Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south?

Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?

She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place.

From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off.

Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?

Canst thou put a hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn?

Will he make many supplications unto thee? will he speak soft words unto thee?

Will he make a covenant with thee? wilt thou take him for a servant for ever?

Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens?

None is so fierce that dare stir him up: who then is able to stand before me?

The flakes of his flesh are joined together: they are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved.

His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.

When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid.

The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold: the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.

He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood.

The arrow cannot make him flee: sling stones are turned with him into stubble.

Darts are counted as stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.

He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary.

Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear.

He beholdeth all high things: he is a king over all the children of pride.

Then Job answered the Lord, and said,

I know that thou canst do every thing, and that no thought can be withholden from thee.

levi'athan: it is unknown just what monster of the deep is meant. Some writers explain it as the crocodile. — **covenant**: agreement. — **haber'geon**: a coat of mail. — **hoary**: white or silvery gray.

THE SONG OF THE BOW

2 Samuel i

Note. — This dirge for King Saul and his son, who were slain in battle, is one of the famous poems of early history. David and Jonathan had been close friends.

And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son:

(Also he bade them teach the children of Judah the use of the bow: behold, it is written in the book of Jasher:)

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights; who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

book of Jasher: probably a collection of heroic verse. — **Gath, Askelon**: cities of the Philis'tines, who were the enemies of the Jews. — **Gilbo'a**: a barren mountain ridge. — **anointed with oil**: referring to a ceremony by which a priest or a king was consecrated.

PROVERBS

NOTE. — The following selections from the book of Proverbs show the strong moral sense and the deep insight which characterize these precepts.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding:

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

A wrathful man stirreth up strife: but he that is slow to anger appeaseth strife.

The way of the slothful man is as a hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain.

He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul: but he that heareth reproof getteth understanding.

The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom; and before honour is humility.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Be not a witness against thy neighbour without cause; and deceive not with thy lips.

Say not, I will do so to him as he hath done to me: I will render to the man according to his work.

I went by the field of the slothful, . . . And, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.

Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction.

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep:

So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth; and thy want as an armed man.

CLEOPATRA AND HER BARGE

William Shakespeare

Note. — The play of "Antony and Cleopatra," from which these lines are taken, was founded upon Plutarch's story, which Shakespeare followed with scrupulous fidelity. Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, was a fascinating woman whose charm few could resist. Mark Antony, going to make war with the Parthians, commanded Cleopatra to appear before him to answer the charge that she had aided Cassius and Brutus in their war against him. Cleopatra, remembering the effect her beauty had produced upon Julius Cæsar and the younger Pompey, thought that she might venture to make light of this command. Accordingly she arrayed herself in sumptuous fashion and took her barge with all dignity. "So that," says Plutarch, "in the end there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antony was left posted alone in the market place." The lines here quoted are spoken by a friend of Antony, Enobarbus, who evidently shares Antony's admiration for the charming queen.

I will tell you:
The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion — cloth-of-gold of tissue —
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see



The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did. . . .
Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthronèd in the market place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

Plu'tarch: a Greek biographer of the first century. — **Parthians**: Parthia was a country in Asia. — **What they undid, did**: apparently heated what they had cooled. — **barge**: a boat for pleasure or for state occasions. — **amorous of**: loving. — **beggared**: made poor. — **cloth-of-gold of tissue**: cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue. — **o'er-pic'turing**: picturing again. — **Cupid**: the little god of love. — **Nere'idēs**: nymphs. — **tended her i' the eyes**, etc.: a much-disputed passage. Probably it means "waited upon her in her sight and made their service an added adornment." — **yarely frame**: cleverly perform. — **of the adjacent wharfs**: of the crowds upon the wharfs. — **enthronèd**: Antony was waiting for her in his imperial seat. — **which but for vacancy**: the old saying, "Nature abhors a vacuum," was probably in the poet's mind.

THE BIRDS

FRAGMENTS FROM ARISTOPHANES

[*Translated by John Hookham Frere.*]

ARISTOPHANES (about 444–368 B.C.) was the most celebrated comic poet of Greece. He wrote fifty or more comedies, eleven of which are still in existence. He is noted for his keen wit and his shrewd common sense.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE (1769–1846) was an English writer and diplomatist.

NOTE. — Peisthetairus is the type of the political adventurer; Euelpides is his simple, droll companion. King Hoopoe has not forgotten his courtly manners, but the birds are suspicious and ungracious. It is impossible to represent in a translation the abrupt staccato character of their speeches.

I

About four hundred years before Christ, Aristophanes, the writer of Greek comedies, was delighting Athens with his poetry and wit. His shafts of ridicule reached hypocrites and tyrants, his flashing satire searched through the favorite follies of the time. One of the most sparkling of his plays is "The Birds."

The hero of this play, Peisthetairus, tired of Athens, sets off to seek his fortune. His friend, Euelpides, goes with him.

A raven and a jackdaw show them the way to the kingdom of the birds, where Tereus, once a mortal, now a

hoopoe, reigns as king. They find Tereus and tell him that they know of a plan by which he may become more powerful than gods and men. Tereus, or King Hoopoe, is much excited by the idea and says:

Hoopoe. But tell me, what would you have us do?
Peisthetairus. Concentrate!
Bring all your birds together. Build a city.
Hoopoe. The birds! How could we build a city? Where?
Peisthetairus. Nonsense. You can't be serious. What a question!
Look down.
Hoopoe. I do.
Peisthetairus. Look up now.
Hoopoe. So I do.
Peisthetairus. Now turn your neck round.
Hoopoe. I should sprain it, though.
Peisthetairus. Come, what d'ye see?
Hoopoe. The clouds and sky; that's all.
Peisthetairus. . . . Well, there, then, you may build and fortify.
From that position you'll command mankind,
And keep them in utter, thorough subjugation,
Just as you do the grasshoppers and locusts.
And if the gods offend you, you'll blockade 'em
And starve 'em to a surrender.
Hoopoe. In what way?
Peisthetairus. Why, thus. Your atmosphere is placed, you see,
In a middle point, just betwixt earth and heaven. . . .
If you should find the gods grown mutinous
And insubordinate, you could intercept
All their supplies of sacrificial smoke.

Hoopoe. By the earth and all its springs! springes and nooses!
Odds nets and snares! this is the cleverest notion! . . .

[*Calling his subjects.*]

Hoop! hoop!
Come in a troop!
Come at a call,
One and all,
Birds of a feather,
All together.
Birds of a humble, gentle bill,
Smooth and shrill,
Dieted on seeds and grain,
Rioting on the furrowed plain,
Pecking, hopping,
Picking, popping,
Among the barley newly sown.
Birds of bolder, louder tone,
Lodging in the shrubs and bushes,
Mavises and thrushes,
On the summer berries browsing,
On the garden fruits carousing.
. . . You that in a humbler station,
With an active occupation,
Haunt the lowly watery mead,
Warring against the native breed,
The gnats and flies, your enemies;
In the level marshy plain
Of Marathon, pursued and slain.
You that in a squadron driving
From the seas are seen arriving,

With the cormorants and mews
Haste to land and hear the news!
All the feathered airy nation,
Birds of every size and station, . . .
For the welfare of the state
Come in a flurry,
With a hurry-scurry,
Hurry to the meeting and attend to the debate.

At this summons the birds come flying from every corner of the kingdom. Great flocks of them wheel over the heads of the strangers, curious, frightened, angry, longing to swoop down upon the intruders and make an end of them.

Euelpides contemplates them with surprise, which soon changes to alarm. He exclaims:

How they thicken, how they muster,
How they clutter, how they cluster!
Now they ramble here and thither,
Now they scramble all together.
What a fidgeting and clattering!
What a twittering and chattering!
Don't they mean to threaten us? What think ye?

Peisthetairus. Yes, methinks they do.

Euelpides. They're gaping with an angry look against us both.

Peisthetairus. It's very true.

Chorus. Whee! Whaw! Where? Where?
What? What? What? What? What? . . .

Hoopoe. Don't be alarmed!

Chorus. Alas! alas! what have you done?
Hoopoe. I 've received a pair of strangers, who desired to settle here. . . .
Chorus. Form in rank, form in rank;
Then move forward and outflank:
Let me see them overpowered,
Hacked, demolished, and devoured;
Neither earth, nor sea, nor sky,
Nor woody fastnesses on high,
Shall protect them if they fly. . . .
Euelpides. What can I find to guard my eyes?
Peisthetairus. Why, there 's the very thing you wish,
Two visard helmets ready made, the colander and skimming dish.

But the hoopoe quiets the birds and persuades them to listen to the schemes of Peisthetairus. They settle into silence, and Peisthetairus discloses his ideas. He begins by assuring them that they are the natural sovereigns of creation. Then he continues:

Peisthetairus. . . . Moreover, most singular facts are combined
In proof that the birds were adored by mankind:
For instance, the cock was a sovereign of yore
In the empire of Persia, and ruled it before
Darius's time; and you all may have heard
That his title exists as the "Persian bird." . . .
Euelpides. And hence you behold him stalk in pride,
Majestic and stout, with a royal stride,
With his turban upright, a privilege known
Reserved to kings, and kings alone.

Peisthetairus. . . . So wide was his empire, so mighty his sway,
That the people of earth, to the present day,
Attend to his summons and freely obey:
Tinkers, tanners, cobblers, all,
Are roused from rest at his royal call,
And shuffle their shoes on before it is light
To trudge to the workshop.
Euelpides. I warrant you 're right.
Peisthetairus. . . . Then the kite was the monarch of Greece heretofore. . . .
Hoopoe. Of Greece?
Peisthetairus. . . . and instructed our fathers of yore,
On beholding a kite to fall down and adore. . . .
. . . In Sidon and Egypt the cuckoo was king;
They wait to this hour for the cuckoo to sing;
And when he begins, be it later or early,
They reckon it lawful to gather their barley. . . .
Euelpides. Ah, thence it comes our harvest cry,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, to the passers-by.
Peisthetairus. . . . Nay, Jupiter now that usurps the command
Appears with an eagle, appointed to stand
As his emblem of empire; a striking example
Of authority once so extended and ample:
And each of the gods had his separate fowl,
Apollo a hawk, and Minerva an owl.

II

The birds are now convinced of their right to rule over the whole universe, and the hoopoe says:

Hoopoe. Explain then the method you mean to pursue
To recover our empire and freedom anew.

For thus to remain in dishonor and scorn,
Our life were a burden no more to be borne.

Peisthetairus. Then I move that the birds shall in common repair
To a centrical point, and encamp in the air;
And intrench and enclose it, and fortify there;
And build up a rampart, impregnably strong,
Enormous in thickness, enormously long;
Bigger than Babylon; solid and tall,
With bricks and bitumen, a wonderful wall.

Euelpides. Bricks and bitumen! I'm longing to see
What a daub of a building the city will be!

Peisthetairus. As soon as the fabric is brought to an end,
A herald or envoy to Jove we shall send; . . .
Another ambassador also will go
Dispatched upon earth to the people below,
To notify briefly the fact of accession;
And enforcing our claims upon taking possession.

The birds are much taken with Peisthetairus's scheme. They immediately set about building their city in mid-air, and men and gods are warned that a new power has arisen to which they must bow. The birds say to mortals:

Chorus. Ye children of Man, whose life is a span, . . .
All lessons of primary daily concern
You have learned from the birds and continue to learn,
Your best benefactors and early instructors;
We give you the warning of seasons returning.
When the cranes are arranged, and muster afloat
In the middle air, with a creaking note,

Steering away to the Libyan sands,
Then careful farmers sow their lands; . . .
The shepherd is warned, by the kite reappearing,
To muster his flock and be ready for shearing.
You quit your old cloak at the swallow's behest,
In assurance of summer, and purchase a vest. . . .
Then take us as gods and you 'll soon find the odds,
We 'll serve for all uses, as prophets and muses;
We 'll give ye fine weather, we 'll live here together;
We 'll not keep away, scornful and proud, atop of a cloud
(In Jupiter's way); but attend every day,
To prosper and bless all you possess,
And all your affairs, for yourselves and your heirs.

Nor do the birds forget to threaten certain men with punishment if they do not mend their ways. The Athenians, who in the old days sat listening to the play, could well perceive that through this harmless chatter of the birds Aristophanes was rebuking the tyrants who had persecuted, imprisoned, and even killed some of their innocent fellow-citizens.

The threats were these:

. . . We withdraw
From Philocrates, the fowler, the protection of the law:
He that ortolans and quails to market has presumed to bring;
And the sparrows, six a penny, tied together in a string; . . .
Further, we declare and publish our command to men below,
All the birds you keep in prison, to release and let them go.

We shall, else, revenge ourselves, and we shall teach the tyrants yet,
How to chirp and dance in fetters, in the tangles of a net.

But then to take away the sting the bird chorus sings:

Blest are they,
The birds alway,
With perfect clothing,
Fearing nothing,
Cold or sleet or summer heat
As it chances,
As he fancies,
Each his own vagary follows,
Dwelling in the dells and hollows
When, with eager, weary strain,
The shrilly grasshoppers complain,
Parched upon the sultry plain;
Maddened with the raging heat,
We secure a cool retreat,
In the shady nooks and coves,
Recesses of the sacred groves,
Many a herb, and many a berry
Serves to feast and make us merry.

Presently a messenger comes in, quite out of breath and speaking in short snatches:

Messenger. Where is he? Where? Where is he? Where? Where is he?—
The president, Peisthetairus?

Peisthetairus [*coolly*]. Here am I.

Messenger [*in a gasp of breath*]. Your fortification 's finished.
Peisthetairus. Well! That 's well.
Messenger. And the height (for I made the measurement myself)
Is exactly a hundred fathom.
Peisthetairus. Heaven and earth!
How could it be? Such a mass! Who could have built it?
Messenger. The birds; no creature else, — no foreigners. . . .
There came a body of thirty thousand cranes
(I won't be positive, there might be more)
With stones from Africa in their craws and gizzards,
Which the stone curlews and stone chatterers
Worked into shape and finished. The sand martins
And mud larks, too, were busy in their department,
Mixing the mortar, while the water birds,
As fast as it was wanted, brought the water
To temper and work it.
Peisthetairus [*in a fidget*]. But, who served the masons?
Whom did you get to carry it?
Messenger. To carry it?
Of course, the carrion crows and carrying pigeons.
Peisthetairus. Yes! Yes! But after all, to load your hods —
How did you manage that?
Messenger. Oh, capitally,
I promise you. There were the geese, all barefoot,
Trampling the mortar, and, when all was ready,
They handed it into the hods so cleverly
With their flat feet! . . .
Peisthetairus. . . . Ah, well now, come! But about the woodwork, eh?
Who were the carpenters? Answer me that!

Messenger. The woodpeckers, of course: and there they were,
Laboring upon the gates, driving and banging,
With their hard hatchet beaks, and such a din;
. . . And now their work is finished, gates and all,
The sentries at their posts; patrols appointed;
The watchmen in the barbican; the beacons
Ready prepared for lighting; all their signals
Arranged. . . . You'll settle all the rest.

[*Exit.*]

So the wonderful city is built, and the gods are warned to respect its boundaries.

Chorus. Notice is hereby given
To the deities of heaven,
Not to trespass here,
Upon our atmosphere.
Take notice — from the present day,
No smoke or incense is allowed
To pass this way.

Visitors, however, are welcome; the envoys from the gods, if they enter with proper humility, are treated with, — to the advantage, of course, of the birds, — and colonists from the earth begin to seek this new abode in mid-air. Peisthetairus is exultant; he receives from Jupiter a celestial bride, and the play ends with a call to the marriage feast.

Peisthetairus. Birds of ocean and of air,
Hither in a troop repair,
To the royal ceremony,

Our triumphant matrimony!
Come for us to feast and feed ye!
Come to revel, dance, and sing! —
Lovely creature! Let me lead ye
Hand in hand, and wing to wing.

Abridged.

The following names are accented as indicated: **Aristoph'anes** (5 syllables), **Peisthetai'rus** (5 syllables), **Euel'pides** (4 syllables), **Hoop'oe** (2 syllables), **Te'reus** (2 syllables), **Philoc'rates** (4 syllables).

hoopoe: a bird common in Europe, and famous in European literature. It has a crest and a long, slender bill. — **turn your neck round**: notice the absurd dramatic situation. — **odds**: this exclamation, formerly in common use, was expressive of surprise. — **sprin'ges**: snares. — **Ma'vises**: the mavis is the song thrush. — **Marathon**: a famous battlefield. Aristophanes was born a little less than fifty years after the battle of Marathon, in which King Darius with a mighty army was defeated by the Athenians. — **Mew**: the seagull. — **Dari'us**: king of Persia, a great general and ruler. He died in 485 B.C. — **Si'don**: a city of very ancient times. — **centrical**: central. — **Babylon**: this great city of ancient times was five times as large as modern London, with walls that were more than three hundred feet in height and nearly a hundred feet in thickness. — **span**: a short space. Literally, this is the distance included between the tip of the little finger and the end of the thumb of an outspread hand. — **Libyan sands**: a part of the Sahara desert. Many European birds, including the cranes and the hoopoes, migrate across the Mediterranean Sea. — **Muses**: nine goddesses who presided over poetry and song, the arts and sciences. — **or'tolans**: birds highly prized as a table delicacy. — **shrilly**: shrill. — **sacred groves**: groves and trees, in ancient times and among many peoples, were considered sacred to the gods. — **a hundred fathom**: as a fathom is a measure of depth, its use here adds to the incongruity of the picture. — **barbican**: a watchtower.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

JOHN D. LONG

JOHN D. LONG (1838–) is an eminent American who has been speaker, governor of Massachusetts, member of Congress, and Secretary of the Navy.

This is the terrace of the Capitol.
The July sun sets slowly in the west
And with its glow suffuses there the sky
'Gainst which the monument springs high and white.
The city roofs are clustered in the green
Luxuriant foliage of the summer leaves,
While near at hand against these marble walls
Sweep up soft lawns like emerald set with pearl.
The hum of the long summer day is past,
And silence, yet more eloquent, has come —
The silence of the hushing of the earth,
As if in his great arm God gave it rest.
Sweetness and light are laid upon its face, —
The sweetness of the light of dying day,
So exquisite that though it seems unwaned
It quenches not the young moon's crescent horn
Which shines serene and clear half up the sky.
Sweetness and light it is, but, more than these
It is the embodied deity of peace, —
The peace of nature's love enfolding down,

The peace that puts to rest the heart of man,
The peace of land and people blessed by God.
Southward, between the arches of the trees,
The gleam of the Potomac answers back,
As it lies lingering at the bathing feet
Of the Virginia hills, whose tops are crowned
With verdure and with rich dark cooling woods.
Across from shore to shore the long bridge runs
And with its slender stretch yet firmly links
Forever to each other North and South.
What memories throng it now, dense as the hosts
That made it echo once the tread of war!
Lo, there the field where freedom's mighty heart
Throbbed in the breasts of chivalry and youth,
And sped to battle which it bled to win
For those it fought for and for those it fought.
There lie the ashes of the patriot dead
Who people now the spaces of the sky
And thence look down upon a land redeemed,
On shackled bondmen disenthralled and free,
A broken union whole — united states,
Aye, and united hearts, — one people all.

TWO GREAT COMMANDERS

William P. Trent

William P. Trent was born in Virginia in 1862. He is professor of English literature in Columbia University.

Note. — The siege of Petersburg, at the close of the Civil War, lasted from June, 1864, to the end of March, 1865. In February, 1865, General Robert E. Lee was made commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces; "a position," says his biographer, "which should have been his long before. That he would have filled it admirably is clear from the suggestions as to operations far afield that he had been continually making in his letters, and posterity would have had the satisfaction of knowing that the right man was in the right place."

Was not the right man in his place — amid those wintry, shelterless trenches around Petersburg — as commander of those ragged, frozen, starved, but unconquered troops who held their thirty-five or forty miles of defenses with a thousand men to the mile? What other American save Washington would have been the right man there? And how can any man or woman who loves courage and genius, and unselfishness and gentleness and implicit trust in God, not love Lee, whatever may be thought of the losing cause he served? Who among us does not envy the opportunity of that Richmond lady who made him drink the last cup of tea she had, and complacently sipped the muddy water of James River that he might not detect her sacrifice and refuse to accept her homage?

But we must hasten to the closing scene of the great drama. The meeting with Grant took place a little before noon on the morning of April 9, at a private residence in the village of Appomattox Courthouse. Nothing could have exceeded Grant's courtesy. Indeed, he rose to the full stature of a hero; and the scene of the greatest surrender in American history ought to be remembered with pride by every citizen of our now united country, for it illustrates, as perhaps no similar event has ever done, the essential nobility of human nature.

The rest is soon told. Grant generously allowed the Confederate privates to keep their horses for their spring plowing; and Lee rode away to be surrounded by his ragged veterans, who still refused to believe he would surrender, and who sobbed in anguish when he told them that the struggle was over. The tears stood in his eyes; and they stand in the eyes of those who love him, as to-day they read over or recall the pathetic scene.

On the following day he issued to the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia as dignified an address as any commander, victorious or defeated, has ever written. After receiving visits from old friends like General Meade, — pathetic visits, which yet show how much human nature, with its godlike capacities, ought to be above the brutal necessity of settling disputes by war, — he mounted his horse Traveler, and rode slowly toward Richmond.

Halting at the house of his brother Charles, in Powhatan County, he insisted, in spite of the rain, on spending a last night in his old tent. What poet will tell us of his thoughts? Arrived in Richmond, he was greeted with wild enthusiasm, in which Northern troops who had fought against him joined heartily. Finally he escaped from demonstrations trying to him but inspiring to every lover of his kind, by entering the modest house where his family was waiting to receive him. He had left that family four years before, the hope of his native state. He returned to it the chosen hero of the Southern people. He will remain the hero of that people and of thousands of men and women throughout the world who love virtue and valor in supreme combination. There is, seemingly, no character in all history that combines power and virtue and charm as he does. He is with the great captains, the supreme leaders of all time. He is with the good, pure men and chivalrous gentlemen of all time, — the knights "*sans peur et sans reproche*"; nor will the poet ever cease to affirm that on the field of Appomattox the mighty battle-ax struck down the keen Damascus blade.

Abridged.

Petersburg: a city in Virginia, about twenty miles south of Richmond. — **"sans peur et sans reproche"** (sąN pẽr ā sąN rē-prosh′): see note in Book Seven, page 209.

I STOOD TIPTOE UPON A LITTLE HILL

JOHN KEATS

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821) was one of the great English poets. He had a wonderful imagination and a quick perception of the beautiful. His verse is full of melody.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scantly leaved and finely tapering stems,
Had not yet lost those starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves:
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wand'ring for the greediest eye
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley, never-ending;

Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight:
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
What next? A tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 't is ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers; or by the flitting
Of diverse moths, that aye their rest are quitting;
Or by the moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light.
O'erhead we see the jasmine and sweetbriar,
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire;
While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles
Charms us at once away from all our troubles:
So that we feel uplifted from the world,
Walking upon the white clouds wreathed and curled.

Abridged.

modest pride: notice the personification of natural objects throughout this selection, — the **sobbing morn**, the **sleeping clouds**, the **sighing silence**, etc. — **dwindled edgings**: faint edges.

IN ARCTIC SEAS[1]

FRIDTJOF NANSEN

FRIDTJOF NANSEN (1861–) is a Norwegian explorer and author. In his famous Arctic voyage he reached a latitude of more than 86°.

NOTE. — In July, 1893, Dr. Nansen left Norway in the "Fram" on his famous voyage. His object was not so much to discover the North Pole as to explore the Arctic seas and establish the direction of certain currents. This selection is taken from his account of the expedition in "Farthest North."

The last telegram was written and I sent my secretary ashore with it. It was three o'clock when we weighed anchor and stood out of the harbor in the silence of the morning. The town still lay wrapped in sleep; everything looked peaceful and lovely all around, with the exception of a little stir of awakening toil on board one single steamer in the harbor. A sleepy fisherman stuck his head up out of the half-deck of his ten-oared boat and stared at us as we steamed past the breakwater; and on the revenue cutter outside there was a man fishing in that early morning light.

This last impression of Norway was just the right one for us to carry away with us. Such beneficent peace and calm; such a rest for the thoughts; no hubbub and turmoil of people with their hurrahs and salutes. The masts in the harbor, the house roofs and chimneys stood out

[1] From Nansen's "Farthest North." Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

against the cool morning sky. Just then the sun broke through the mist and smiled over the shore — rugged, bare, and weatherworn in the hazy morning, but still lovely — dotted here and there with tiny houses and boats, and all Norway lay behind it. . . .

"*Tuesday, September 19.* I never had such a splendid sail. On to the north, steadily north, with a good wind, as fast as steam and sail can take us, and open sea mile after mile, watch after watch, through these unknown regions, always clearer and clearer of ice! How long will this last? The eye always turns to the northward as one paces the bridge. It is gazing into the future. But there is always the same dark sky ahead, which means open sea. My plan is standing its test.

"*Wednesday, September 20.* I have had a rough awakening from my dream. As I was sitting at 11 A.M. looking at the map and thinking that my cup would soon be full, — we had almost reached 78°, — there was a sudden luff and I rushed out. Ahead of us lay the edge of the ice, long and compact, shining through the fog. I had a strong inclination to go eastward, on the possibility of there being land in that direction; but it looked as if the ice extended farther south there, and there was the probability of being able to reach a higher latitude if we kept west; so we headed that way. The sun broke through for a moment just now, so we took an observation, which showed us to be in about 77° 44′ north latitude.

"*Friday, September 22.* Brilliant sunshine once again and white dazzling ice ahead. First we lay still in the fog because we could not see which way to go; now it is clear and we know just as little about it. It looks as if we were at the northern boundary of the



open water. To the west the ice appears to extend south again. To the north it is compact and white — only a small open rift or pool every here and there; and the sky is whitish blue everywhere on the horizon. It is from the east we have just come; but there we could see very little, and for want of anything better to do we shall make a short excursion in that direction, on the possibility of finding openings in the ice. If there were

only time, what I should like would be to go [still farther] east to see what condition things are in there; but it is too late now. The sea will soon be freezing, and we should run a great risk of being frozen in at a disadvantageous point."

Earlier Arctic explorers have considered it a necessity to keep near the coast. But this was exactly what I wanted to avoid. It was the drift of the ice that I wished to get into, and what I most feared was being blocked by land. It seemed as if we might do much worse than give ourselves up to the ice where we were, especially as our excursion to the east had proved that following the ice edge in that direction would soon force us south again. So in the meantime we made fast to a great ice block and prepared to clean the boiler and shift coals. "We are lying in open water, with only a few large floes here and there; but I have a presentiment that this is our winter harbor."

It really looked as if we were now frozen in for good, and I did not expect to get the "Fram" out of the ice till we were on the other side of the Pole, nearing the Atlantic Ocean. Autumn was already well advanced; the sun stood lower in the heavens day by day, and the temperature sank steadily. The long night of winter was approaching — that dreaded night. There was nothing to be done except prepare ourselves for it, and by degrees we converted our ship, as well as we could, into comfortable

winter quarters; while at the same time we took every precaution to assure her against the destructive influences of cold, drift ice, and the other forces of nature to which it was prophesied that we must succumb. The rudder was hauled up so that it might not be destroyed by the pressure of the ice. We had intended to do the same with the screw; but as it, with its iron case, would certainly help to strengthen the stern, and especially the rudderstock, we let it remain in its place. We had a good deal of work with the engine, too; each separate part was taken out, oiled, and laid away for the winter; slide valves, pistons, shafts were examined and thoroughly cleaned. All this was done with the very greatest care. Amundsen looked after that engine as if it had been his own child; late and early he was down tending it lovingly; and we used to tease him about it, to see the defiant look come into his eyes and hear him say: "It's all very well for you to talk; but there's not another such engine in the world, and it would be a sin and a shame not to take good care of it." Assuredly he left nothing undone. I don't suppose a day passed, winter or summer, all those three years, that he did not go down and caress it and do something or other for it.

We cleared up in the hold to make room for a joiner's workshop down there; our mechanical workshop we had in the engine room. The smithy was at first on deck, and afterwards on the ice; tinsmith's work was done

chiefly in the chart room; shoemaker's and sailmaker's, and various odd sorts of work, in the saloon. And all these occupations were carried on with interest and activity during the rest of the expedition. There was nothing, from the most delicate instruments down to wooden shoes and ax handles, that could not be made on board the "Fram." When we were found to be short of sounding line, a grand ropewalk was constructed on the ice. It proved to be a very profitable undertaking and was well patronized.

Presently we began putting up the windmill which was to drive the dynamo and produce the electric light. While the ship was going the dynamo was driven by the engine, but for a long time past we had had to be contented with petroleum lamps in our dark cabins. The windmill was erected on the port side of the foredeck, between the main hatch and the rail. It took several weeks to get this important appliance into working order.

"*Tuesday, September 26.* Beautiful weather. The sun stands much lower now; it was 9° above the horizon at midday. Winter is rapidly approaching. I wandered about over the floe toward evening. Nothing more wonderfully beautiful can exist than the Arctic night. It is dreamland painted in the imagination's most delicate tints; it is color etherealized. One shade melts into the other, so that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins, and yet they are all there. No forms — it

is all faint, dreamy color music, a far-away, long-drawn-out melody on muted strings. Is not all life's beauty high and delicate and pure like this night? Give it brighter colors, and it is no longer so beautiful. The sky is like an enormous cupola, blue at the zenith, shading down into green, and then into lilac and violet at the edges. Over the ice fields there are cold violet-blue shadows, with lighter pink tints where a ridge here and there catches the last reflection of the vanished day. Up in the blue of the cupola shine the stars, speaking peace, as they always do, those unchanging friends. In the south stands a large red-yellow moon, encircled by a yellow ring and light golden clouds floating on the blue background. Presently the aurora borealis shakes over the vault of heaven its veil of glittering silver — changing now to yellow, now to green, now to red. It spreads, it contracts again, in restless change; next it breaks into waving, many-folded bands of shining silver, over which shoot billows of glittering rays, and then the glory vanishes. Presently it shimmers in tongues of flame over the very zenith, and then again it shoots a bright ray right up from the horizon, until the whole melts away in the moonlight. Here and there are left a few waving streamers of light, vague as a foreboding — they are the dust from the aurora's glittering cloak. But now it is growing again, new lightnings shoot up, and the endless game begins afresh.

"*Thursday, September 28.* Snowfall with wind. To-day the dogs' hour of release has come. Until now their life on board has been really a melancholy one. The stormy seas have broken over them, and they have been rolled here and there in the water on the deck; they have half hanged themselves in their leashes, howling miserably; they have had the hose played over them every time the deck was washed; they have been seasick; in bad as in good weather they have had to lie on the same hard spot fate chained them to, without more exercise than going backward and forward the length of their chains. It is thus you are treated, you splendid animals, who are to be our stay in the hour of need! When that time comes you will, for a while at least, have the place of honor. When they were let loose there was a perfect storm of jubilation. They rolled in the snow, washed and rubbed themselves, and rushed about the ice in wild joy, barking loudly. Our floe, a short time ago so lonesome and forlorn, was quite a cheerful sight with this sudden population; the silence of ages was broken."

Abridged.

"**Fram**": the name means *forward*. — **watch after watch**: on shipboard time is divided into watches, or periods of four hours. — **luff**: the act of bringing the ship close up to the point from which the wind is blowing. — **Amundsen**: chief engineer of the "Fram." — **port side**: the left side. The old term was *larboard*. — **muted strings**: the sound of a violin or other stringed instrument may be softened by means of a mute, — a little brass or ivory utensil fastened to the bridge.

CONTENTMENT

Edward Dyer

Sir Edward Dyer was an English poet of the sixteenth century.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That world affords, or grows by kind:
Though much I want what most men have,
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live: this is my stay,—
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway:
Look! what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers oft do fall;
I see how those that sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
They get, they toil, they spend with care;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss;
I brook that is another's pain.
I fear no foe, I scorn no friend,
I dread no death, I fear no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich, with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I wish not what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storm I sit on shore,
And laugh at those that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.
This is my choice; for why? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

I grudge not: I am not envious or complaining. — **brook that**: put up with that which.

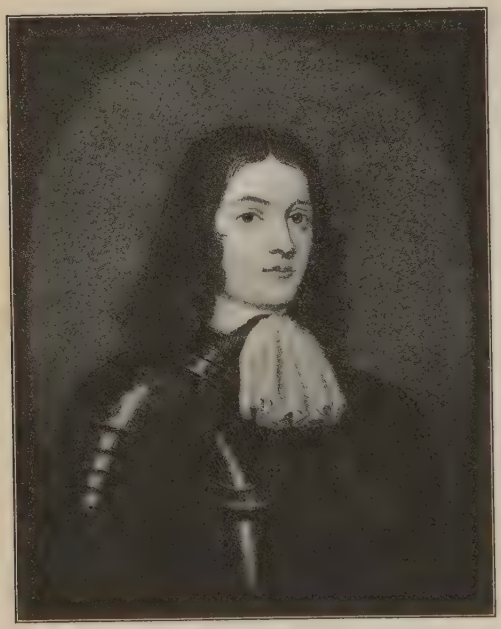
PENN'S SUCCESS

BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD

BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD (1847–) is an American educator and writer, who has taken an active part in the movement to promote peace and methods of arbitration between nations.

Penn's Indian policy, which was only the more conspicuous part of his general peace policy, was marked by the greatest of all his successes. The treaty of Shackamaxon, called "the fairest page in American history," "the only treaty never sworn to and never broken," differed from the treaty made by Carver, and from all other treaties with which the attempt has been made to compare it, not only in being altogether a peace treaty, but in being, in reality, not a treaty with one sachem or tribe only, but with the whole Indian race at that time and for all time. The Indians were disarmed even before the treaty was made. When Penn told them that it was not the custom of himself and his followers to use weapons of war against their fellow-men, and that therefore they had come to the council unarmed, the chief Taminent placed on his head a chaplet into which was twisted a little horn, and at this signal all the Indian warriors laid down their weapons. It is a commonplace of our history that this treaty was not violated by the Indians until it was violated by the white men of the colony. For more

than thirty years after Penn's death, so strongly did the Indians feel that all Pennsylvania must be in character like the founder, that they did not retaliate when wronged until trespass was heaped upon trespass, and no open rupture came until the peace party was outvoted in the General Assembly and the colony armed herself for war. When she took the sword, the sword devoured her. The fury of war, with its horrible Indian massacres, swept over her once peaceful soil and her history lost its fine uniqueness and became stained on many pages with blood.



With the real followers of Penn the great treaty never was broken by the Indians because they themselves never broke it. No Quaker blood was shed in Pennsylvania during the years of cruel war which followed the arming of the colony. It is true that a few persons who abandoned

their principles by arming themselves and taking sides with the war party were slain, though they tried to protect themselves with the Quaker name; but they were no more Quakers than a black man is a white one. The treaty was not only kept during those times, but it has been kept ever since with the true followers of Penn. Quaker men and women have associated with the red man in all parts of the land. They have established homes in their midst, have founded and maintained schools among them, have taught them the arts of industry, and instructed them in Christianity; they have acted as government agents and inspectors, and have gone boldly among them, but no tomahawk has ever been lifted against one who was known to be a "Broadhat." The stars still shine and the rivers still run down to the sea, and Indian and Quaker alike, though standing in important respects over against each other at the opposite poles of civilization, have been true to the pledges made under the old elm tree.

The treaty of Shackamaxon: this treaty with the Indians was made in 1682 under a great elm near Philadelphia. It was Voltaire, the French historian, who said that it was "the only treaty never sworn to and never broken." — **Carver**: the leader of the Plymouth colony. — **"Broadhat"**: the Quaker's distinctive dress includes a broad hat.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807. He was graduated from Bowdoin (bō′d'n) College, and at the age of twenty-one became professor of modern languages in the same college. Afterwards he held a similar position at Harvard. His poetry is justly popular not only in America but in Europe. Most English-speaking boys and girls know "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Skeleton in Armor," and "Hiawatha." Longfellow died in 1882.

Note. — This selection is taken from "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

. . . . . .

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied blackmail upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondac hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

. . . . . .

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neckcloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

. . . . . .

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too
'T is always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

. . . . . .

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little fieldfares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know,
They are the wingèd wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

. . . . . .

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

. . . . . .

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

. . . . . .

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

. . . . . .

joc'und: merry. The word from which this is derived meant originally *helpful*. — **Cassan'dra**: a prophetess at the time of the Trojan War, who was always foretelling disaster. — **in lieu**: in place. — **levied blackmail**: made unlawful demands. *Blackmail* is a word with an interesting history in this connection. — **skeleton**: it was an Egyptian custom to have a skeleton displayed at a feast so that the guests might be led to "enjoy the present day." — **Edwards**: Jonathan Edwards, a famous American preacher, whose celebrated work on the "Freedom of the Will" was full of hard logic. — **Almira**: the preceptor's sweetheart. — **madrigals**: tender songs. — **fieldfares**: small thrushes which winter in Great Britain. — **beeves**: beef creatures. — **St. Bartholomew**: a dreadful massacre took place in France on one St. Bartholomew's day. — **canticles**: little songs or hymns.

THE DEATH OF LEATHERSTOCKING

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

NOTE. — This selection is taken from "The Prairie." See "A Prairie Fire," page 26. Middleton and Paul Hover are here riding across the plains toward a Pawnee village.

The sun was beginning to fall, and a sheet of golden light was spread over the placid plain. The verdure of the year yet remained, and herds of horses and mules were grazing peacefully in the vast natural pasture under the keeping of vigilant Pawnee boys.

The route of the party led them at no great distance from one of those watchful youths, who was charged with a trust so heavy as the principal wealth of his tribe. He heard the trampling of the horses and cast his eye aside, but instead of manifesting either curiosity or alarm, his look was instantly returned whence it had been withdrawn, to the spot where the village was known to stand.

"There is something remarkable in all this," muttered Middleton, half offended; "yonder boy has heard of our approach, or he would not fail to notify his tribe, and yet he scarcely deigns to favor us with a glance. Look to your arms, men; it may be necessary to let these savages feel our strength."

"Therein, Captain, I think you 're in an error," returned Paul; "if honesty is to be met on the prairies at all, you will find it in our old friend Hard Heart; neither is an

Indian to be judged of by the rules of a white. See! we are not altogether slighted, for here comes a party to meet us, though it is a little pitiful as to show and numbers."

Paul was right in both particulars. A group of horsemen were at length seen wheeling round a little copse and advancing across the plain directly toward them.

The meeting was friendly, though a little restrained on both sides. Middleton had time during the remainder of the ride to revolve in his mind all the probable reasons which his ingenuity could suggest for this strange reception.

When they entered the town its inhabitants were seen collected in an open space, where they formed a large circle, in the center of which were perhaps a dozen of the principal chiefs. Middleton gazed about him in growing concern, for no cry, no song, no shout welcomed him among a people from whom he had so lately parted with regret. His uneasiness was shared by all his followers. Determination and stern resolution began to assume the place of anxiety in every eye, as each man silently felt for his arms and assured himself that his several weapons were in a state for instant and desperate service. But there was no answering symptom of hostility on the part of their hosts. Hard Heart beckoned for Middleton and Paul to follow, leading the way toward the cluster of forms that occupied the center of the circle. Here the visitors found a solution of all the movements which had given them so much reason for apprehension.



The trapper was placed on a rude seat, which had been made with studied care to support his frame in an upright and easy attitude. His eye was glazed and apparently as devoid of sight as of expression. Life, it is true, still lingered in his system, but it was as though at times entirely ready to depart. It would have been no violent fancy to have imagined that the spirit fluttered about the placid lips of the old woodsman, reluctant to depart from a shell that had so long given it an honorable shelter.

His body was so placed as to let the light of the setting sun fall full upon the solemn features. His head was bare, the long thin locks of gray fluttering in the evening breeze. Between his feet lay the figure of a hound, with its head crouching to the earth as if it slumbered, and so perfectly natural was its position that a second glance was necessary to tell Middleton he saw only the skin of Hector, stuffed by Indian tenderness and ingenuity in a manner to represent the living animal.

The trapper had remained nearly motionless for an hour. His eyes, alone, had occasionally opened and shut. The hour, the calm beauty of the season, the occasion, all conspired to fill the spectators with awe. Suddenly, while musing on the remarkable position in which he was placed, Middleton felt the hand which he held grasp his own with incredible power, and the old man, supported on either side by his friends, rose upright to his feet. For a single moment he looked about him, as if to invite all in

presence to listen, and then with a fine military elevation of his head, and with a voice that might be heard in every part of that numerous assembly, he pronounced the emphatic word — "Here!"

A movement so entirely unexpected, and the air of grandeur and humility which were so remarkably united in the mien of the trapper, together with the clear and uncommon force of his utterance, produced a short period of confusion in the faculties of all present. When Middleton and Hard Heart, who had each involuntarily extended a hand to support the form of the old man, turned to him again, they found that the subject of their interest was removed forever beyond the necessity of their care.

"A valiant, a just, and a wise warrior has gone on the path which will lead him to the blessed grounds of his people!" said an old Indian. "Go, my children; remember the just chief of the palefaces and clear your own tracks from briers!"

The grave was made beneath the shade of some noble oaks. It has been carefully watched to the present hour by the Pawnees, and it is often shown to the traveler and the trader as a spot where a just white man sleeps.

Abridged.

Paw'nee: a tribe of Indians. — **Hard Heart**: the chief of the Pawnees. — Compare this with Thackeray's account of the death of Colonel Newcome (page 122) written thirty years later than Cooper's story. — **Hector**: the trapper's dog, his faithful companion in former wanderings.

SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (klŭf) was an English poet. He was born in 1819. As a child he lived for a time in the United States, but he was educated in England. Later he taught and lectured in Cambridge, Mass. He died in Italy in 1861.

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

THE POLICY OF PEACE

JOHN C. CALHOUN

JOHN C. CALHOUN (1782–1850) was a famous American statesman. Webster, his great political opponent, said of him that nothing "low or meanly selfish came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun."

NOTE. — Calhoun, Webster, and Clay were the three greatest names in the Senate of 1833. "They represented the three sections, South, East, and West. Calhoun engaged the attention of philosophers, Webster the ear of the lawyers, Clay the sympathies of the people. Clay was the great leader, Webster the great orator, Calhoun the great thinker" (Edward Everett).

A peaceful intercourse with the nations of the earth points to that inspiring day which philosophers have hoped for, which poets have seen in their bright dreams of fancy, and which prophets have beheld in holy vision — when men shall learn war no more. Who can contemplate a state of the world like this and not feel his heart exult at the prospect? I am against war because peace — peace is, above everything else, our policy. Our great mission as a people is to occupy this vast dominion — to level the forests and let in upon their solitudes the light of day; to clear the swamps and make them ready for the plow and the sickle; to spread over hill and dale the echoes of human labor and human happiness; to fill the land with cities and towns; to unite its most distant points by turnpikes and railroads; to scoop out canals and open rivers that may serve as highways for trade.

If we can preserve peace, who shall set bounds to our prosperity or our success? With one foot planted on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, we occupy a position between the two old continents of the world, — a position which necessarily secures to us the commerce and the influence of both. If we abide by the counsels of common sense, if we succeed in preserving our liberties, we shall in the end exhibit a spectacle such as the world never saw.

I know that this one great mission is encompassed with many difficulties; but such is the energy of our political system, and such is its expansive capability, that it may be made to govern the widest space. If by war we become great, we cannot be free; if we will be both great and free, our policy is peace.

men shall learn war no more: see Isaiah ii. 4.

. . . Clearly, beyond question, whatsoever be our theories about human nature and its capabilities and outcomes, the less war and cutting of throats we have among us, the better it will be for us all. One rejoices much to see that immeasurable tendencies of the time are already pointing to this result, — that as men no longer wear swords in the streets, so neither by-and-by will nations. — *Thomas Carlyle.*

THE RENUNCIATION

Edwin Arnold

Sir Edwin Arnold (1832–1904) was an English poet whose long residence in India made him familiar with Eastern legends. His most popular poem is "The Light of Asia."

Note. — In "The Light of Asia" the poet tells the story of the Eastern prince who gave up all that made life dear to him so that he might if possible save the world from sin, pain, and death. It is the story of the great teacher Buddha whose followers to-day are numbered by the million. Self-sacrifice is the essence of the Buddhist religion as it is of the Christian.

So are we kin
To all that is; and thus, if one might save
Man from his curse, the whole wide world should share
The lightened horror of this ignorance
Whose shadow is chill fear, and cruelty
Its bitter pastime. Yea, if one might save!
And means must be! There must be refuge! Men
Perished in winter winds till one smote fire
From flint stones coldly hiding what they held,
The red spark treasured from the kindling sun.
They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,
Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man;
They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech,
And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
What good gift has my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice?
If one, then, being great and fortunate,

Rich, dowered with health and ease, from birth designed
To rule — if he would rule — a king of kings;
If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
But joyous in the glory and the grace
That mix with evils here, and free to choose
Earth's loveliest at his will: one even as I,
Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs
Which are not mine, except as I am man; —
If such a one, having so much to give,
Gave all, laying it down for love of men,
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
Whether it lurks in hells or hides in heavens,
Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all:
Surely at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And Death might find him conqueror of death.
This will I do, who have a realm to lose,
Because I love my realm, because my heart
Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
Known and unknown, these that are mine and those
Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
Saved by this sacrifice I offer now.

kin to all that is: this is one of the principles of the Buddhists. To them all life is sacred. — **mowed** (moud): made wry faces.



OLD CHINA

Charles Lamb

Charles Lamb (1775–1834) was an English writer and critic who is still spoken of as the most delightful of essayists. The author's quaint and lovable personality gave his writings their chief charm.

Note. — In the essay from which the following selection is taken Lamb gives an attractive picture of his home life with his sister, who appears as "Cousin Bridget."

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference but by saying that we all have some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play and the first exhibition that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then — why should I now have? — to those little lawless, azure-tinted grotesques, that

under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in the world before perspective — a china teacup.

Here is a young and courtly mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver — two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another — for likeness is identity on teacups — is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead — a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

I could not help remarking to my cousin last evening how favorable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort — when a passing sentiment seemed to overshade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state; —" so she was pleased to ramble on, — "in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you

to consent in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Leonardo; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money — and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture — was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to buy a wilderness of Leonardos. Yet do you?

"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common — in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear — to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now — that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked.

"I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet — and much ado we used to have every thirty-first night of December to account for our exceedings — many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much — or that we had not spent so much — or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year; but then, betwixt

ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future — and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion we used to welcome in the 'coming guest.' Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year — no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of our income. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you complain of. . . . And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella over the head of that pretty, insipid lady in that very blue summerhouse." Adapted.

Leonardo: Leonardo da Vinci (dah vĭn'chee) (1452–1519): a great Florentine painter.

THE DUTY OF THE SOLDIER AND THE PATRIOT

GOLDWIN SMITH

GOLDWIN SMITH (1823–) was born in England but has lived in Toronto, Canada, for many years. As an author and lecturer he has gained a wide hearing.

The soldier is not responsible for the righteousness of the war. His valor, chivalry, and devotion to duty are equally admirable whatever the cause of the war may be. His commander's word is his warrant and his absolution. The Duke of Marlborough bade his soldiers lay waste the country around Munich. The soldier who, in obedience to the command, set fire to the homestead, turning the woman and the child, the aged and the sick, adrift, was blameless. He did what he was bound to do; though he was not bound to take pleasure in his task, to think of it afterwards with pride, or to count it among the glories of the British army. A volunteer, perhaps, enlisting for the particular cause, may be more concerned to satisfy himself of its justice.

The real interest and honor of a nation are inseparable from good faith, equity, and humanity. . . . Is it to be the rule that as soon as war is proclaimed, opinion shall be gagged and the national conscience shall be suspended?

While the party of peace is silenced, is the party of war to be freely heard? Is it to be heard even when

it is most extreme, when it calls for the most inhuman measures, when it thwarts the most reasonable power? Did not men whose patriotism was above suspicion, such as Chatham and Burke, oppose the war with the American colonies not only in its inception but during its course? Did not their opposition at last bring it to a close when it had become a war not only with the colonists but with the powers of Europe, and when the madness of the king and the servility of his ministers would have prolonged it to the ruin of the kingdom?

The Duke of Marlborough: a great English general who possessed few of the finer traits of human character. — **Munich**: the capital of Bavaria. — **Chatham and Burke**: famous English statesmen in the reign of George III.

ENGLAND[1]

Grace Ellery Channing

Grace Ellery Channing Stetson is an American writer and poet. She is the granddaughter of the famous preacher William Ellery Channing.

Who comes to England not to learn
  The love for her his fathers bore,
Breathing her air can still return
  No kindlier than he was before? —
  In vain, for him, from shore to shore

[1] From "Sea Drift." By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers.

Those fathers strewed an alien strand
With the loved names that evermore
Are native to our ear and land.

Who sees the English elm trees fling
Long shadows where his footsteps pass,
Or marks the crocuses that Spring



Sets starlike in the English grass,
And sees not, as within a glass,
New England's loved reflection rise?—
Mists darker and more dense, alas!
Than England's fogs are in his eyes.

And who can walk by English streams,
Through sunny meadows gently led,
Nor feel, as one who lives in dreams,
The wound with which his fathers bled, —
The homesick tears which must, unshed,
Have dimmed the brave, unfaltering eyes
That saw New England's elms outspread
Green branches to her loftier skies?

How dear to exiled hearts the sound
Of little brooks that run and sing!
How dear, in scanty garden ground,
The crocus calling back the Spring
To English hearts remembering!
How dear that aching memory
Of cuckoo cry and lark's light wing!
And for their sake how dear to me!

Who owns not how, so often tried,
The bond all trial hath withstood;
The leaping pulse, the racial pride
In more than common brotherhood;
Nor feels his kinship like a flood
Rise blotting every dissonant trace? —
He is not of the ancient blood!
He is not of the Island race!

THE END OF A REIGN

William Makepeace Thackeray

Note. — The reign of George III, so full of mistakes and wrongs, had a piteous and tragic end. Thackeray recounts it with a kindly charity and sympathy.

From November, 1810, George III ceased to reign. All the world knows the story of his malady; all history presents no sadder picture than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, amidst a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast. He was not only sightless; he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had, in one of which the Queen, desiring to see him, entered the room and found him singing a hymn and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy

calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralize on this story, what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. "O brothers!" I said to those who first heard me in America, — "O brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue — O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne, buffeted by rude hands, with his children in revolt, the darling of his old age killed before him untimely, our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

> 'Vex not his ghost — oh! let him pass — he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy."

the darling of his old age: Princess Amelia, his favorite child. — **Lear**: see "King Lear," Act V, Scene 3.

AMERICAN FREEDOM AND PATRIOTISM

ORVILLE DEWEY

ORVILLE DEWEY (1794–1882) was a distinguished American preacher.

Freedom is the natural school of energy and enterprise. The soul was not made to walk in fetters. To act powerfully, it must act freely; and it must act, too, under all the fair incentives of an honest and honorable ambition. This applies especially to the mass of the people. There may be minds, and there are, which find a sufficient incentive to exertion in the love of knowledge and improvement, in the single aim at perfection. But this is not, and cannot be, the condition of the mass of minds. They need other impulses.

Open then, I say, freely and widely to every individual, the way to wealth, to honor, to social respect, and to public office, and you put life into any people. Impart that principle to a nation of Turks, or even of Hindoos, and it will be as a resurrection from the dead. The sluggish spirit will be aroused; the languid nerve will be strung to new energy; there will be a stir of action and a spring to industry all over the country, because there will be a motive.

Alas! how many poor toilers in the world are obliged to labor, without reward, without hope, almost without motive! Like the machinery amidst which they labor,

and of which they are scarcely more than a part, they are moved by the impulse of blind necessity. The single hope of bettering their condition, which now, alas! never visits them, would regenerate them to a new life.

Now it is with such life that this whole nation is inspired. It is freedom that has breathed the breath of life into this people. I know that there are perils attending this intense action and competition of society. But I see, nevertheless, a principle that is carrying forward this country with a progress altogether unprecedented in the history of the world. Invention, internal improvement, and accumulation among us are taking strides before unheard of. More schoolhouses, colleges, and churches have been builded in this country within the last twenty years; more canals and railroads have been constructed; more fortunes have been acquired, and, what is better, more poor men have risen to competence; and, in fine, more enterprises and works of social and religious beneficence have been achieved than ever were done, take them all together, in an equal time, by an equal population, under heaven.

For these things I love and honor my country. For these things I am thankful to heaven that my lot is cast in it. And this I say not in the spirit of boasting but because I think the time has come when it needs to be said; because I believe that many of us are insensible to our advantages; because the eyes of the world are fixed upon

us for inquisition and for reproach, and incessant foreign criticism is likely to cool the fervor of our patriotism.

Nay, I will go further, and confess the secret hope I have long entertained, that the liberty wherewith, as I believe, God has made us free, that the equal justice, the impartial rewards which encourage individual enterprise in this country, will produce yet more glorious and signal results; results that will proclaim to all the world that political equity is the best pledge for national dignity, strength, and honor; results which will, effectually and forever, break down the pernicious maxim that a certain measure of political injustice and favoritism is necessary to the order and security of the social state. As I believe in a righteous Providence, I do not believe in this maxim; and I trust in God that it will receive its final and annihilating blow in this very country.

It is not that I challenge for our people any natural superiority to other people. It is not to the shrine of national pride that I bring the homage of this lofty hope, but to the footstool of divine goodness. It is to our signal advantages, and especially to the equal justice of our institutions, that I look for accomplishment of this great hope. I believe that *freedom* — free action, free enterprise, free competition — will be found to be the best of auspices for every kind of human success. I believe that our citizens will be found to act more effectively and more nobly, for being free; that our citizen soldiers will, if called upon,

fight more valiantly for being free; that our laborers will toil more cheerfully for being free; that our merchants will trade more successfully; nay, and little as it may be expected, that our preachers and orators will discourse more eloquently, and that our authors will write more powerfully, for the spirit of freedom that is among us.

The future, indeed, must tell us whether this is a dream of enthusiastic patriotism. But I would fain have the most generous of principles for once laid at the heart of a great people, and see what it will do. Alas! for humanity — never yet has it been treated with the confidence of simple justice. Never yet has any voice effectually said to man, "God has made thee to be as happy and glorious, if thou wilt, as thy most envied fellow." When that voice does address the heart of the multitude, will it not arouse itself to loftier efforts, to nobler sacrifices, to higher aspirations, and more generous virtues than were ever seen to be the offspring of any unequal and ungenerous system that ever man has devised? God grant that the hope may be realized and the vision accomplished! It were enough to make one say, "Now let me depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!"

in fine: in conclusion. — **made us free**: see Galatians v. 1. — **auspices**: omens. The ancient Romans, on the eve of any undertaking, always consulted the *auspicia*. These were signs in the sky or in the flight of birds whereby Jupiter was supposed to indicate his approval or disapproval. For instance, lightning flashing from left to right was considered a favorable sign; from right to left an unfavorable one. — **depart in peace**: see St. Luke ii. 29.

GALLEY SONG

ROBERT BROWNING

ROBERT BROWNING, one of the greatest of English poets, was born in 1812. His verse is not always smooth, and it is hard at times to understand his meaning; but his poems well repay deep study. To Browning life was good and glad. He does not forget the hard, sad things, but he never loses courage. Browning died in Venice, Italy, in 1889.

NOTE. — In the two lines quoted lies the hidden meaning of the following poem, — the pathos of lives too proud to own their mistakes and begin afresh.

> "The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
> To their first fault, and withered in their pride."

Over the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave
A gallant armament:
Each bark built out of a forest tree
Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
And nailed all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with black bull-hides,
Seethed in fat and suppled in flame,
To bear the playful billows' game:
So, each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to the outward view,
But each upbore a stately tent
Where cedar pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine,

And an awning drooped the mast below,
In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noontide nor starshine
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,
Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar;
But when the night wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together on the wide sea,
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore;
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,
And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the voyagers from afar,
Lay stretched along, each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,
And with light and perfume, music too:
So the stars wheeled round, and the darkness past,
And at morn we started beside the mast,
And still each ship was sailing fast.

Now, one morn, land appeared — a speck
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky:
"Avoid it," cried our pilot, "check
The shout, restrain the eager eye!"



But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh;
So, we broke the cedar pales away,
Let the purple awning flap in the wind.
And a statue bright was on every deck!
We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbor thus,
With pomp and pæan glorious.

A hundred shapes of lucid stone!
All day we built its shrine for each,
A shrine of rock for every one,
Nor paused till in the westering sun
We sat together on the beach
To sing because our task was done.
When lo! what shouts and merry songs!
What laughter all the distance stirs!
A loaded raft with happy throngs
Of gentle islanders!
"Our isles are just at hand," they cried,
"Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping.
Our temple gates are open wide,
Our olive groves thick shade are keeping
For these majestic forms" — they cried.
Oh, then we awoke with sudden start
From our deep dream, and knew, too late,

How bare the rock, how desolate,
Which had received our precious freight;
Yet we called out — "Depart!
Our gifts, once given, must here abide.
Our work is done; we have no heart
To mar our work," — we cried.

maketh mad: the direct light of the moon was long supposed to have a disturbing effect on one's mental condition. See the history of the word "lunatic." — **made sure**: sailors in all ages have used the stars as points to steer by. — **a statue bright**: by this figure the poet represents a man's ideal. The voyagers lacked not only the patience and wisdom to give their ideals a proper setting but also the courage to confess that they had made a mistake. — **pæans** (pē'ănz): songs of triumph. — **lucid**: shining. The common use of *lucid* as *clear* is according to its secondary meaning.

TRUTH

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894), the poet and wit of Boston, was also a noted physician, professor, and prose writer. He was the author of a series of delightful books, beginning with the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," and ending with "Over the Teacups."

Note. — The following selection is taken from the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

Did you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges, — and

have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick or your foot or your fingers under its edge and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, "It's done brown enough by this time"? What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous or horny-shelled, — turtle bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed, like Lepine watches. Nature never loses a crack or a crevice, mind you, but she always has one of her flat-pattern live timekeepers to slide into it; black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stagecoaches; motionless, sluglike creatures, young larvæ, perhaps more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity! But no sooner is the stone turned and the wholesome light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them which enjoy the luxury of legs — and some of them have a good many — rush round wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede

for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine. Next year you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect angels open and shut over their golden disks as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being.

The young fellow whom they call John saw fit to say, in his very familiar way, — at which I do not choose to take offense, but which I sometimes think it necessary to repress, —that I was coming it rather strong on the butterflies.

No, I replied; there is meaning in each of those images, — the butterfly as well as the others. The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes which are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a newborn humanity. Then shall beauty — Divinity taking outlines and color — light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the

beatified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub which would never have found wings had not the stone been lifted.

You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it.

When we are as yet small children, long before the time when those two grown ladies offer us the choice of Hercules, there comes up to us a youthful angel holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in letters of gold — TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters L–I–E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns — thus we learn — to drop the streaked and speckled globes of

falsehood and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-Nature, and last of all Polite Behavior, all insisting that truth must *roll*, or nobody can do anything with it; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth that, when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood.

The schoolmistress was polite enough to say that she was pleased with this, and that she would read it to her little flock the next day. But she should tell the children, she said, that there were better reasons for truth than could be found in mere experience of its convenience and the inconvenience of lying.

Yes, — I said, — but education always begins through the senses and works up to the idea of absolute right and wrong. The first thing the child has to learn about this matter is that lying is unprofitable, — afterwards that it is against the peace and dignity of the universe.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

coleop'terous: having wings covered with a case or sheath. — **Lepine'** (pēn) **watches**: flat watches very common fifty years ago. — **the choice of Hercules**: according to the Greek story two women — Pleasure and Duty — appeared to the youth Hercules. Each offered him gifts and he chose those of Duty.

BIRDS AND MEN

MATTHEW ARNOLD

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822–1888) was an English poet and critic of high standing. He was distinguished for his independent thinking and his clear style.

NOTE. — This is a selection from a longer poem called "Poor Matthias."

Was it, as the Grecian sings,
Birds were born the first of things,
Before the sun, before the wind,
Before the gods, before mankind,
Airy, antemundane throng —
Witness their unworldly song!
Proof they give, too, primal powers,
Of a prescience more than ours —
Teach us, while they come and go,
When to sail, and when to sow.
Cuckoo calling from the hill,
Swallow skimming by the mill,
Swallows trooping in the sedge,
Starlings swirling from the hedge,
Mark the seasons, map our year,
As they show and disappear.
But, with all this travail sage
Brought from that anterior age,
Goes an unreversed decree

Whereby strange are they and we;
Making want of theirs, and plan,
Indiscernible by man.
No, away with tales like these
Stol'n from Aristophanes!
Does it, if we miss your mind,
Prove us so remote in kind?
Birds! we but repeat on you
What amongst ourselves we do.
Somewhat more or somewhat less,
'T is the same unskillfulness.
What you feel escapes our ken —
Know we more our fellow-men?
Human suffering at our side,
Ah, like yours is undescried!
Human longings, human fears,
Miss our eyes and miss our ears.
Little helping, wounding much,
Dull of heart, and hard of touch,
Brother man's despairing sign
Who may trust us to divine?
Who assure us, sundering powers
Stand not 'twixt his soul and ours?

the Grecian: Aristophanes. See page 177. — **prescience**: a foreknowledge. — **travail**: painful effort and labor. — **ken**: knowledge.

A WALK IN WINTER

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

MISS MITFORD (1787–1855) was an English writer whose style was simple and graceful.

At noon to-day I and my white greyhound, Mayflower, set out for a walk into a very beautiful world — a sort of silent fairyland — a creation of that matchless magician, the hoarfrost. There had been just snow enough to cover the earth and all its covers with one sheet of pure and uniform white, and just time enough since the snow had fallen to allow the hedges to be freed of their fleecy load and clothed with a delicate coating of rime. The atmosphere was deliciously calm; soft, even mild, in spite of the thermometer; no perceptible air, but a stillness that might almost be felt, the sky, rather gray than blue, throwing out in bold relief the snow-covered roofs of our village, and the rimy trees that rise above them, and the sun shining dimly as through a veil, giving a pale, fair light, like the moon, only brighter. There was a silence, too, that might become the moon, as we stood at our little gate looking up the quiet street, — a Sabbathlike pause of work and play, rare on a workday; nothing was audible but the pleasant hum of frost, that low, monotonous sound, which is perhaps the nearest approach that life and nature can make to absolute silence. The very wagons

as they come down the hill along the beaten track of crisp, yellowish frost dust glide along like shadows; even



May's bounding footsteps, at her height of glee and of speed, fall like snow upon snow.

Now we have reached the trees — the beautiful trees! never so beautiful as to-day. Imagine the effect of a straight and regular double avenue of oaks, nearly a mile long, arching overhead, and closing into perspective like

the roof and columns of a cathedral, every tree and branch incrusted with the bright and delicate congelation of hoar-frost, white and pure as snow, delicate and defined as carved ivory.

We are now at the end of this magnificent avenue and at the top of a steep eminence commanding a wide view over four counties, — a landscape of snow. A deep lane leads abruptly down the hill, — a mere narrow cart track, sinking between high banks clothed with fern, crowned with luxuriant hedgerows, and famous for their summer smell of thyme. How lovely these banks are now — the tall weeds fixed and stiffened in the hoarfrost which fringes round the bright, prickly holly, the pendent foliage of the bramble, and the deep orange leaves of the pollard oaks! Oh, this is rime in its loveliest form! And there is still a berry here and there on the holly, "blushing in its natural coral" through the delicate tracery, still a stray hip or haw for the birds, who abound here always.

The poor birds, how tame they are, how sadly tame! There, just under the bank by the slender runlet which still trickles between its transparent margins of thin ice, — there, with a swift, scudding motion, flits, in short, low flights, the gorgeous kingfisher, his magnificent plumage of scarlet and blue flashing in the sun like the glories of some tropical bird. He is come for water to this little spring by the hillside, — water which even his long bill and slender head can hardly reach, so nearly do the fantastic

forms of those garlandlike icy margins meet over the tiny stream beneath. It is rarely that one sees the shy beauty so close or so long; and it is pleasant to see him in the grace and beauty of his natural liberty, the only way to look at a bird.

We used to fix a little board outside the parlor window and cover it with bread crumbs in the hard weather. It was quite delightful to see the pretty things come and feed, to conquer their shyness, and do away with their mistrust. First came the more social tribes, "the robin redbreast and the wren," cautiously, suspiciously, picking up a crumb on the wing, with the little keen bright eye fixed on the window; then they would stop for two pecks; then stay till they were satisfied. The shyer birds, tamed by their example, came next; and at last one saucy fellow of a blackbird — a sad glutton, he would clear the board in two minutes — used to tap his yellow bill against the window for more. How we loved the fearless confidence of that fine, frank-hearted creature! And surely he loved us.

"May! May! naughty May!" She has frightened away the kingfisher; and now in her coaxing penitence she is covering me with snow. "Come, pretty May! it is time to go home."

Abridged.

rime: white frost. — **congelation**: something frozen. — **pollard oaks**: oaks cut off at the top.

PEACE

Charles Sumner

Charles Sumner (1811–1874), the first eminent American scholar to engage in politics, was born in Boston, educated at Harvard, traveled and studied abroad extensively, and at forty was sent from Massachusetts to the Senate of the United States, where he remained until his death.

Note. — The oration from which this selection is taken was delivered in Boston, July 4, 1845.

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, dedicated to the gods and kept at all times sacred from war. No hostile foot ever pressed this kindly soil, and citizens of all countries met here in common worship beneath the ægis of inviolable Peace. So let us dedicate our beloved country; and may the blessed consecration be felt in all its parts, everywhere throughout its ample domain! The Temple of Honor shall be inclosed by the Temple of Concord, that it may nevermore be entered through any portal of War; the horn of Abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of Religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within its happy courts, purged of Violence and Wrong, Justice, returned to earth from long exile in the skies, with equal scales for nations as for men, shall rear her serene and majestic front, and by her side, greatest of all, Charity, sublime in meekness, hoping all and enduring all, shall divinely temper every

righteous decree, and with words of infinite cheer inspire to those deeds that cannot vanish away. And the future chief of the Republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be first in Peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.

While seeking these glories for ourselves let us strive for their extension to other lands. Let the bugles sound the *Truce of God* to the whole world forever. Not to one people but to every people let the glad tidings go. The selfish boast of the Spartan women that they never saw the smoke of an enemy's camp must become the universal chorus of mankind, while the iron belt of War, now encompassing the globe, is exchanged for the golden cestus of Peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage bestowed by massacring soldiers upon the spot occupied by the sepulcher of the Lord. Vain man! why confine regard to a few feet of sacred mold? The whole earth is the sepulcher of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Confessing this truth, let us now lay a new and living stone in the grand Temple of Universal Peace whose dome shall be lofty as the firmament of heaven, broad and comprehensive as earth itself.

Delos: see page 44. — **æ'gis**: a shield; hence protection of any kind. — **Justice**: frequently represented in art as a goddess blindfold and holding a pair of scales. — **hoping all**: see Corinthians xiii. — **first in peace**: the author of this famous saying was General Henry Lee. It occurs in a eulogy on Washington, delivered December 26, 1799. — **cestus**: a girdle.

CAMILLA

A Selection from Virgil's "Æneid"; translated by John D. Long.

VIRGIL (70–19 B.C.) was the most famous of the Latin poets. He was well educated, though his family were of the common people. He is considered the superior of all the other ancient poets in the beauty of his verse.

When Metabus from old Privernum's walls
Fled through the battle's midst and wandered forth,
He bore her, but an infant then, to share
His exile, giving her her mother's name —
Casmilla to Camilla turned by change
Of but a letter. With her on his breast
He roamed the far-off hills and lonely woods.
With cruel steel the Volsci pressed him hard
At every point, and dogged his track from bush
To bush, encircling him with soldiery,
When lo! midway his flight, its banks o'erflowed,
The Amasenus foamed, so heavily
The rain had fallen from out the clouds. Himself
Ready to swim, anxious for his sweet load,
Love for his baby kept him back until,
Near his wit's end, flashed through his mind a plan
Almost too late. It happed the warrior bore
In his stout hand a heavy spear-pole, thick
With knots and hardened o'er the fire. On this
He binds the child, wrapped in wild cork and bark,

And lightly ties her round and round along
The shaft. Then in his ponderous right hand
High poising it, he utters up a prayer:
"Diana, gracious virgin, unto thee,
Thou goddess of the woods, I consecrate
This child thy votary, her father I.
In thine own primitive rude armor clad,
A suppliant through the air she flies the foe.
Take her, I pray thee, goddess, for thine own
Whom to the uncertain winds I now commit."
And with the word, his arm flung back, he hurls
The writhing shaft. The waves roar under it,
Yet on the shrilling spear Camilla speeds,
Poor waif, the swift stream o'er. But Metabus,
As closer now his thick pursuers press,
Into the river leaps, and, mastering its flood,
Plucks from the grassy turf his spear again,
The little maiden, by Diana's grace,
Still there.

Camil'la: a maiden who became the leader of her tribe. She took up arms against Æneas, the Trojan warrior who had fled to Italy. See Book Six, page 183. Camilla was renowned for her swiftness and lightness of foot. — **Met'abus**: the father of Camilla, driven from his home by civil war. — **Priver'num**: a town of ancient Italy. — **Volsci** (vŏl'sī): a Latin tribe. — **Amase'nus**: a river of Italy. — **Dian'a**: the goddess of the chase, a daughter of Jupiter.

IMMUTABLE JUSTICE

EDMUND BURKE

EDMUND BURKE (1730–1797) was a great Irish orator. He entered the House of Commons in 1766 and took an active interest in all national affairs. He was famous for his hatred of lawlessness and violence, for his political genius, and for the beauty and power of his literary style.

NOTE. — On June 16, 1794, Burke concluded his charge against Warren Hastings. See Book Seven, page 183.

My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call the world to witness that the Commons have shrunk from no labor, that we have been guilty of no prevarications, that we have made no compromise with crime, that we have not feared any odium whatsoever in the long warfare which we have carried on with the vices, with the exorbitant wealth, with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption.

My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, that defies all mutation, — that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself. I mean justice, — that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one

of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge. . . .

My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships. There is nothing sinister which can happen to you in which we shall not be involved. And if it should so happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should by hands at once base and cruel be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood amidst the prelates, the nobles, the magistrates who supported their thrones, may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony! . . .

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But if you stand, — and stand I trust you will, together with the fortunes of this ancient monarchy, together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom, — may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power! May you stand, not as a substitute for virtue but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue. May you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants! May you stand the refuge of afflicted nations! May you stand a sacred temple for the perpetual residence of an inviolable JUSTICE!

Abridged.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844) was a great Scottish poet. His soul-stirring lyrics are among the most beautiful in the English language. He was the author of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "Glenara," "Ye Mariners of England," and other poems.

NOTE. — Donald Cameron of Lochiel, the hero of Campbell's poem, was known as the model of Scottish chivalry. He was wounded at Culloden.



[WIZARD; LOCHIEL]

Wizard

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'T is thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albyn! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode

Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'T is the fire-shower of rain, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albyn her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

Wizard

— Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors:
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores. . . .

Lochiel (lō-chēl′): the pronunciation of this name is not easy to indicate, the *ch* having a guttural sound, softer than *k*. This chief, known as the "gentle Lochiel," was regarded by many of his countrymen as foredoomed to misfortune because he had fair hair. The Lochiels in general were a dark-complexioned race and the tradition was that none others of the family should prosper. — **Lowlands**: the people in the southern part of Scotland. They sided with England. — **Cullo′den**: on Culloden Moor, in 1746, a battle was fought between the English forces under the Duke of Cumberland and the Scottish Highlanders who had rallied to support Prince Charlie. See note on page 306. The young prince was horror-struck by the terrible slaughter. — **Al′byn**: a poetical name for northern Scotland. — **thy dwelling**: Lochiel's home was burned by order of the Duke of Cumberland. — **avaunt′**: begone. — **claymore**: a large two-handled sword. — **bonneted**: the Scotch cap is frequently called a "bonnet." — **Clanron′ald** and **Mo′ray**: two Scottish chieftains. — **tar′tan**: checked or plaid woolen cloth. The uniform of the Highland soldiery still includes a plaid and kilt, the pattern of which has been for many centuries a distinguishing mark of the various clans. After the uprising of 1745 and 1746 the Highlanders were forbidden for a while to wear the tartan.

THE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS AND JOAN OF ARC

Thomas De Quincey

Thomas De Quincey (1785–1859) was an eminent English essayist noted for his imaginative and impassioned style.

Note. — The story of Joan of Arc, the peasant girl who saved France, is a familiar one. After she had succeeded in her efforts to establish King Charles the Seventh upon his throne she was taken prisoner and sold to the English. In January, 1431, she was tried before a court of churchmen and, being condemned as a heretic, was burned at the stake in the market place of Rouen.

Bishop of Beauvais! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold — thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of life both are often alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and the torturer have the same truce from carnal torment; both sink together into sleep; together both sometimes kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl, — when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you, — let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France — she from her dungeon, she from her baiting at the stake, she from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp

of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart, that resurrection of springtime which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from her, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests, were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege, for *her* might be created in this farewell dream a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like that, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. This mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered, the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted; the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burdened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror, rising from the fens of death, most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins, — therefore I know, bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain of which the witnesses spoke so much showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews nor the holy dawn could

cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, bishop, well! Oh, mercy! what a groan was that which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not so to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades where only wild deer should run armies and nations are assembling; towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English prince, regent of France. There is my lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal that died and made no sign. There is the bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No; it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it waiting for a trial. Shall my lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment seat and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no; he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting; the mighty

audience is gathered, the Court are hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none; in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counselor there is none now that would take a brief from *me;* all are silent." Is it indeed come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity; but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief: I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counselor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you: yes, bishop, SHE — when heaven and earth are silent.

Beauvais (bō-vā′): Cauchon (kō-shôn′), a disgraced bishop of Beauvais, was promised a vacant bishopric if he would undertake the trial of Joan (jōn) of Arc. — **Rouen** (rōō-ôn′): a city of France on the Seine. — **baiting**: tormenting. The word *bait* meant originally "to cause to bite." — **Domrémy** (dôn′re-mē): the little French village where Joan of Arc was born. — **prince regent**: the Duke of Bedford, who ruled England at this time, the king being only ten years old. — **Winchester**: Henry Beaufort (bū′ fort), an ambitious politician. — **made no sign**: see Act III, Scene III, line 29, of the second part of Shakespeare's "King Henry the Sixth." — **brief**: the statement of a client's case, often used, in legal phrase, for the case itself.

A FOREST HYMN

William Cullen Bryant

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878) was one of the foremost American poets. For many years he was editor of the *New York Evening Post*. His poems show his love of nature and his deep religious feeling.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them, — ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,

Here in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.
Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here — thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship; — nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,

Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak —
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated — not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.
. . . . . .

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed

Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; — and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. Oh, God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

architrave (är′kĭ-trāv): literally "the chief beam"; that which rests immediately on the column or support. — **without a witness**: see Acts xiv. 17.

WAR AND HUMAN BROTHERHOOD

William Ellery Channing

William Ellery Channing (1780–1842) was an American preacher and writer, famous for his eloquence, his courage, and his high ideals.

I have written once and again on war, — a hackneyed subject, as it is called, yet one would think too terrible ever to become a commonplace. Is this insanity never to cease? False notions of national honor, as false and unholy as those of the duelist, do most toward fanning this fire. Great nations, like great boys, place their honor in resisting insult and in fighting well. One would think the time had gone by in which nations needed to rush to arms to prove that they were not cowards. If there is one truth which history has taught, it is that communities in all stages of society, from the most barbarous to the most civilized, have sufficient courage. No people can charge upon its conscience that it has not shed blood enough in proof of its valor. Almost any man, under the usual stimulants of the camp, can stand fire. Is it not time that the point of honor should undergo some change, that some glimpses, at least, of the true glory of a nation should be caught by rulers and people?

"It is the honor of a man to pass over a transgression," and so it is of states. To be wronged is no disgrace. To bear wrong generously, till every means of conciliation is

exhausted; to recoil with manly dread from the slaughter of our fellow-creatures; to put confidence in the justice which other nations will do to our motives; to have that consciousness of courage which will make us scorn the reproach of cowardice; to feel that there is something grander than the virtue of savages; to desire peace for the world as well as for ourselves; and to shrink from kindling a flame which may involve the world, — these are the principles and feelings which do honor to a people.

For one, I look on war with a horror which no words can express. Were the world of my mind, no man would fight for glory; for the name of a commander who has no other claim to respect seldom passes my lips, and the want of sympathy drives him from my mind. The thought of man, God's immortal child, butchered by his brother; the thought of sea and land stained with human blood by human hands, of women and children buried under the ruins of besieged cities, of the resources of empires and the mighty powers of nature all turned by man's malignity into engines of torture and destruction, — this thought gives to earth the semblance of hell.

I cannot now, as I once did, talk lightly, thoughtlessly, of fighting with this or that nation. That nation is no longer an abstraction to me. It is no longer a vague mass. It spreads out before me into individuals, in a thousand interesting forms and relations. It consists of husbands and wives, parents and children, who love one

another as I love my own home. . . . It consists of a vast multitude of laborers at the plow and in the workshop, whose toils I sympathize with, whose burden I should rejoice to lighten, and for whose elevation I have pleaded. It consists of men of science, taste, genius, whose writings have beguiled my solitary hours and given life to my intellect and best affections. Here is the nation which I am called to fight with, into whose families I must send mourning, whose fall or humiliation I must seek through blood. I cannot do it without a clear commission from God.

If, indeed, my country were invaded by hostile armies, threatening without disguise its rights, liberties, and dearest interests, I should strive to repel them, just as I should repel a criminal who should enter my house to slay what I hold most dear and what is intrusted to my care. But I cannot confound with such a case the common instances of war. In general, war is the work of ambitious men, whose principles have gained no strength from the experience of public life, whose policy is colored if not swayed by personal views or party interests, who do not seek peace with a single heart, who, to secure doubtful rights, perplex the foreign relations of the state, spread jealousies at home and abroad, enlist popular passions on the side of strife, commit themselves too far for retreat, and are then forced to leave to the arbitration of the sword what an impartial umpire could easily have arranged.

Abridged.

A BALLAD OF GOOD COUNSEL

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340–1400) is known as the father of English poetry. His chief work was "The Canterbury Tales." Chaucer ranks with the great poets of the world.

NOTE. — This little poem was apparently written in a period of business misfortune. The rendering is as nearly like the original as is consistent with clearness, for it must be remembered that the English of Chaucer's time is a foreign tongue to readers of to-day.

Flee from the press and dwell with truthfulness;
Suffice to thee thy good, though it be small, —
For wealth breeds hate, and climbing, dizziness;
The mob hath envy, riches blind us all;
Wish not to taste what doth not to thee fall;
Do well thyself, before thou striv'st to lead,
And truth shall thee deliver without dread.

Distress thee not all evil to redress,
Trusting to her that turneth as a ball,
For little meddling brings most easiness;
Beware lest thou dost kick against an awl;
Strive not as doth a clay pot with a wall;
Judge thou thyself, that judgest others' deed,
And truth shall thee deliver without dread.

That which is sent, receive with cheerfulness;
The wrestling of this world invites a fall;
Here is no home, 't is but a wilderness, —
Forth, pilgrim, forth! — Forth, beast, out of thy stall!
Look up above and thank the God of all;
Hold the high way and let thy soul thee lead,
And truth shall thee deliver without dread.

press: crowd. — **dread** (drēd): doubt. — **her that turneth as a ball**: Fortune. — **easiness**: comfort. — **an awl**: a tool with a sharp point. Compare Acts xxvi. 14. In Chaucer's English this is *a nall*. In the development of the language the *n* has become part of the article. See note on *a newt*, Book Five, page 119. In the same way *napron* has become *apron*. — **a clay pot with a wall**: the weak with the strong.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

William Ellery Channing

Note. — Channing's estimate of Napoleon, though severe, is not considered unjust.

Napoleon Bonaparte was characterized by nothing more strongly than by the spirit of self-exaggeration. The singular energy of his intellect and will, through which he had mastered so many rivals and foes, and overcome what seemed insuperable obstacles, inspired a consciousness of being something more than man. His strong original tendencies to pride and self-exaltation, fed and pampered by strange success and unbounded applause,

swelled into an almost insane conviction of superhuman greatness. In his own view he stood apart from other men. He was not to be measured by the standard of humanity. He was not to be retarded by difficulties to which all others yielded. He was not to be subjected to laws and obligations which all others were expected to obey. Nature and the human will were to bend to his power. He was the child and favorite of fortune, and, if not the lord, the chief object of destiny. His history shows a spirit of self-exaggeration unrivaled in enlightened ages, and which reminds us of an Oriental king to whom incense had been burnt from his birth as to a deity.

This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow-beings. He had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood, which is developed in truly great souls with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him. His heart, amidst its wild beatings, never had a throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into

sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind, to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude, that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder; and for this selfish, solitary good parted with peace and imperishable renown.



This insolent exaltation of himself above the race to which he belonged, broke out in the beginning of his career. His first success in Italy gave him the tone of a master, and he never laid it aside to his last hour. One can hardly help being struck with the *natural* manner with which he arrogates supremacy in his conversation and proclamations. We never feel as if he were putting on a lordly air. In his proudest claims he speaks from his own mind and in native language. His style is swollen, but never strained, as if he were conscious of playing a part above his real claims. Even

when he was foolish and impious enough to arrogate miraculous powers and a mission from God, his language showed that he thought there was something in his character and exploits to give a color to his blasphemous pretensions. The empire of the world seemed to him to be in a measure his due, for nothing short of it corresponded with his conceptions of himself; and he did not use mere verbiage, but spoke a language to which he gave some credit, when he called his successive conquests "the fulfillment of his destiny." . . .

One of the striking properties of Bonaparte's character was decision, and this, as we have already seen, was perverted, by the spirit of self-exaggeration, into an inflexible stubbornness which counsel could not enlighten nor circumstances bend. Having taken the first step, he pressed onward. His purpose he wished others to regard as a law of nature or a decree of destiny. It *must* be accomplished. Resistance but strengthened it; and so often had resistance been overborne that he felt as if his unconquerable will, joined to his matchless intellect, could vanquish all things. On such a mind the warnings of human wisdom and of Providence were spent in vain; and the Man of Destiny lived to teach others, if not himself, the weakness and folly of that all-defying decision which arrays the purposes of a mortal with the immutableness of the counsels of the Most High.

wanted: lacked.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA

JOHN G. WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807–1892), the Quaker poet of New England, was well known for his liberal spirit and for the high moral character of his poems.

NOTE. — The war with Mexico was brought on by a dispute concerning the western boundary of Texas. In February, 1847, the battle of Buena Vista was won by the United States troops.

First Sister. Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking
northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come
they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm
we hear?

Second Sister (*Ximena*). Down the hills of Angostura
still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on
their souls!
First. Who is losing? who is winning?
Second. Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the moun-
tain rain. . . .

First. Look forth once more, Ximena!
Second. Ah! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Miñon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on:
First. Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won?
Second. Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them all!

Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting. Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head
on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear
me? canst thou see?
O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look
once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is
o'er!

Third Sister. Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy
dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his
breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses
said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a
soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his
life away;
But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away
her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her
dead;

But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling
breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and
faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside
her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart
supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured
he, and died!

Second. A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led
thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely, in
the North!
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with
her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds
which bled.

First. Look forth once more, Ximena!
Second. Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and
death behind;

Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, forgive!

Third. Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,
In its sheath the saber rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Buena Vista (bwā′nah vees′tah): a battlefield of Mexico, situated among the mountains. — **Ximena**: pronounced hē-mā′nah. — **Angostura** (an-gos-too′rah): a narrow pass near Buena Vista. — **Miñ′on**: a Mexican general.

PETER THE GREAT

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

NOTE. — Peter I, surnamed the Great, Czar of Russia, was born at Moscow in 1672. Much difference of opinion exists as to his greatness of character, but no one can deny that he was a man of remarkable abilities. Peter died in 1725.

One day, in the year 1697, the great Duke of Marlborough happened to be in the village of Saardam. He visited the dockyard of one Mynheer Calf, a rich shipbuilder, and was struck with the appearance of a journeyman at work there. He was a large, powerful man, dressed in a red woolen shirt and duck trousers, with a sailor's hat, and seated, with an adze in his hand, upon a rough log of timber which lay on the ground. The man's features were bold and regular; his dark brown hair fell in natural curls about his neck; his complexion was strong and ruddy, with veins somewhat distended, indicating an ardent temperament and more luxurious habits than comported with his station; and his dark, keen eye glanced from one object to another with remarkable restlessness. He was engaged in earnest conversation with some strangers whose remarks he occasionally interrupted, while he rapidly addressed them in a guttural but not unmusical voice. As he became occasionally excited in conversation his features twitched convulsively, the blood rushed to his forehead, his arms

were tossed about with extreme violence of gesticulation, and he seemed constantly upon the point of giving way to some explosion of passion, or else falling into a fit of catalepsy. His companions, however, did not appear alarmed by his vehemence, although they seemed to treat him with remarkable deference; and after a short time his distorted features would resume their symmetry and



agreeable expression, his momentary frenzy would subside, and a bright smile would light up his whole countenance.

The duke inquired the name of this workman, and was told that it was one Pieter Baas, a foreign journeyman of remarkable mechanical abilities and great industry. Approaching, he entered into some slight conversation with him upon matters pertaining to his craft. While they were conversing, a stranger of foreign mien and costume appeared, holding a voluminous letter in his

hand; the workman started up, snatched it from his hand, tore off the seals, and greedily devoured its contents, while the stately Marlborough walked away unnoticed. The duke was well aware that, in this thin disguise, he saw the Czar of Muscovy. Pieter Baas, or Boss Peter, or Master Peter, was Peter, the despot of all the Russias, a man who, having just found himself the undisputed proprietor of a quarter of the globe with all its inhabitants, had opened his eyes to the responsibilities of his position, and had voluntarily descended from his throne for the noble purpose of qualifying himself to reascend it.

The empire of Russia was, at the accession of Peter the First, of quite sufficient dimensions for any reasonable monarch's ambition, but of most unfortunate geographical position. Shut off from civilized Western Europe by vast and thinly peopled forests and plains and touching nowhere upon the ocean, that great highway of civilization, the ancient empire of the czars seemed always in a state of suffocation.

Peter understood thoroughly the position of his empire the moment he came to the throne. Previous czars had issued a multiplicity of edicts forbidding their subjects to go out of the empire. Peter saw that the great trouble was that they could not get out. Both the natural gates of his realm were locked upon him and the keys were in the hands of his enemies. When we look at the map of Russia now we do not sufficiently appreciate the difficulties

of Peter's position at his accession. To do so is to appreciate his genius and the strength of his will. While paddling in his little skiff on the Yausa he had already determined that this great inland empire of his, whose inhabitants had never seen or heard of the ocean, should become a maritime power. He saw that without seaports it could never be redeemed from its barbarism, and he was resolved to exchange its mongrel Orientalism for European civilization. Accordingly, before he had been within five hundred miles of blue water, he made himself a sailor, and at the same time formed the plan, which he pursued with iron pertinacity to its completion, of conquering the Baltic from the Swede and the Euxine from the Turk.

In the vast square of the Admiralty at St. Petersburg stands the celebrated colossal statue of Peter the Great. Around him are palaces, academies, arsenals, gorgeous temples with their light and starry cupolas floating up like painted balloons, and tall spires sheathed in gold and flashing like pillars of fire. From the side opposite the Winter Palace radiate three great streets lined with stately and imposing buildings, thronged with population, and intersected by canals which are all bridged with iron; across the square, on the side opposite the statue, stands St. Isaac's cathedral, built of marble, bronze, granite, and gold, and standing upon a subterranean forest, more than a million large trees having been driven into the earth to

form its foundation. The emperor faces the Neva, which pours its limpid waters through quays of solid granite. For twenty-five miles these line its length and that of its branches; and beyond the river rise in full view the Bourse, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and other imposing public edifices.

This equestrian statue has been much admired; we think justly so. The action of the horse is uncommonly spirited and striking, and the position of the emperor dignified and natural. He waves his hand as if, like a Scythian wizard as he was, he had just caused this mighty, swarming city, with all its palaces and temples, to rise like a vapor from the frozen morasses of the Neva with one stroke of his wand. In winter, by moonlight, when the whole scene is lighted by the still cold radiance of a polar midnight, we defy any one to pause and gaze upon that statue without a vague sensation of awe. The czar seems to be still presiding in sculptured silence over the colossal work of his hands; to be still protecting his capital from the inundations of the ocean, and his empire from the flood of barbarism, which he always feared would sweep over it upon his death.

It is impossible not to admire his genius, his indomitable energy, his unconquerable will. He proposed to himself, while yet a youth, the mighty task of civilizing his country and of converting an Asiatic empire into a powerful European state.

But while we admire the concentration of purpose which sustained him throughout his labors, we cannot help deploring the great and fundamental mistake which made them all comparatively worthless. A despot by birth, education, and temperament, he had never a glimmering notion of the existence of a people. He might have found other matters in England worthy of his attention, other institutions as intimately connected with civilization as the English naval architecture; but he appears to have been completely indifferent to the great spectacle presented to an autocrat by a constitutional kingdom.

It is difficult to judge him justly. Perhaps it would have been impossible to have planted the germ of civil, or even social, liberty in such a wilderness as Russia was at his accession. It was something to lift her ever so little above the waves of barbarism, where he found her "many fathoms deep." He accomplished a great deal. He made Russia a maritime country, gave her a navy and a commercial capital, and quadrupled her revenue. If he had done nothing else, he would for these great achievements deserve the eternal gratitude of his country.

Abridged.

Duke of Marlborough: a famous English general. — **Saardam′**: a town in the Netherlands. — **Muscovy**: the old name for Russia. — **Yausa**: a river running through the city of Moscow. — **Euxine** (ūks′ĭn): the Black Sea. — **the Neva**: a river of Russia. — **the Bourse**: the Exchange or business headquarters. — **Scythian**: belonging to an ancient nomadic race who inhabited the country north of the Black Sea.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT

Robert Browning

Note. — Browning, in answer to a question on the subject, said that there was no historical foundation for the following poem.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
We 'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

Ghent: a city of Belgium, more than ninety miles from Aix. — **Joris**: pronounced yo′ris. — **pique** (pēk): the pommel of the saddle. — **Lo′keren, Boom** (bōme), **Düffeld** (dŭf′fel), **Mech′eln, Aershot** (är′skot), **Hasselt, Aix** (āks), **Looz** (lōz), **Tongres** (tɔngr), **Dalhem**: towns in Belgium. — **Roos**: pronounced rōz. — **croup**: hind-quarters. — **holster**: a case for a pistol. — **burgesses**: citizens.

PEACE AND WAR

Henry Ware

Henry Ware (1794–1843) was a New England preacher and writer.

Peace

Lovely art thou, O Peace! and lovely are thy children, and lovely are the prints of thy footsteps in the green valleys.

Blue wreaths of smoke ascend through the trees and betray the half-hidden cottage; the eye contemplates well-thatched ricks and barns bursting with plenty; the peasant laughs at the approach of winter.

White houses peep through the trees; cattle stand cooling in the pool; the casement of the farmhouse is covered with jessamine and honeysuckle; the stately greenhouse exhales the perfume of summer climates.

Children climb the green mound of the rampart, and ivy holds together the half demolished buttress.

The old men sit at their doors; the gossip leans over her counter; the children shout and frolic in the streets.

The housewife's stores of bleached linen, whiter than snow, are laid up with fragrant herbs; they are the pride of the matron, the toil of many a winter's night.

The wares of the merchant are spread abroad in the shops or stored in the high-piled warehouses; the labor of each profits all; the inhabitant of the north drinks the

fragrant herb of China; the peasant's child wears the webs of Hindustan.

Justice is dispensed to all. Law sits steady on her throne, and the sword is her servant.

War

They have rushed through like a hurricane; like an army of locusts they have devoured the earth; the war has fallen like a waterspout and deluged the land with blood.

The smoke rises not through the trees, for the hearth of the cottager is cold; but it rises from villages burned with fire, and from warm ruins spread over the now naked plain.

The ear is filled with the confused bellowing of oxen and sad bleating of overdriven sheep; they are swept from their peaceful plains; with shouting and goading are they driven away; the peasant folds his arms and resigns his faithful fellow-laborers; the farmer weeps over his barns consumed by fire, and his demolished roof, and anticipates the driving of the winter snows.

On that rising ground, where the green turf looks black with fire, yesterday stood a noble mansion; the owner had said in his heart: "Here will I spend the evening of my days and enjoy the fruit of my years of toil; my name shall descend with mine inheritance, and my children's children shall sport under the trees which I have planted." — The fruit of his years of toil is swept away in

a moment; wasted, not enjoyed; and the evening of his days is left desolate.

Law and order are forgotten; violence and rapine are abroad; the golden cords of society are loosed. Here are the shriek of woe and the cry of anguish; and there is suppressed indignation bursting the heart with silent despair.

Look at that youth; yesterday he bounded as the roebuck; was glowing as the summer fruits; active in sports, strong to labor; he has passed in one moment from youth to age; his comeliness is departed; helplessness is his portion for the days of future years. He is more decrepit than his grandsire on whose head are the snows of eighty winters; but those were the snows of nature; this is the desolation of man.

Everything unholy and unclean comes abroad from its lurking place, and deeds of darkness are done beneath the eye of day. The villagers no longer start at horrible sights; the soothing rites of burial are denied, and human bones are tossed by human hands.

No one careth for another; every one, hardened by misery, careth for himself alone.

Lo! these are what God has set before thee; child of reason! son of woman! unto which does thine heart incline?

MILTON

Thomas Babington Macaulay

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay (1800–1859) was an English author who was famous as historian, poet, essayist, and statesman. His style is said to possess every excellence, — strength, brilliancy, clearness, melody, and elegance.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

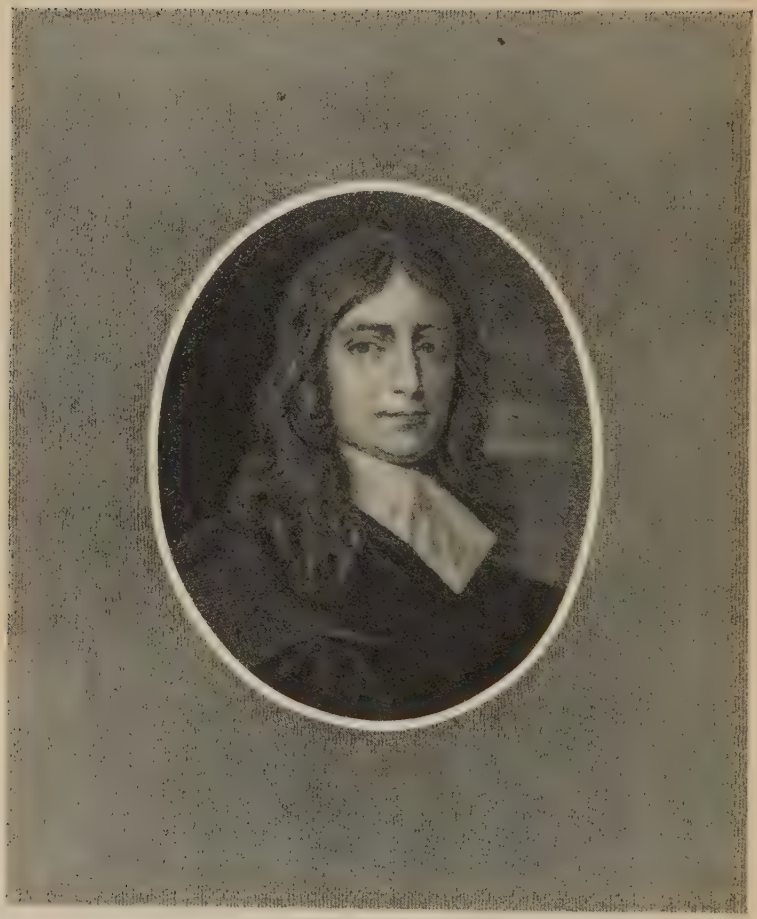
There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom.

When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. But the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

Therefore it is that we decidedly approve of the conduct of Milton and the other wise and good men who, in spite of much that was ridiculous and hateful in the conduct of their associates, stood firmly by the cause of Public Liberty. . . .

We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name,



we will venture to christen Boswellism. But there are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are pleasant to us. His thoughts are powerful not only to delight but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

Arios'to: a famous Italian poet who died in 1533. — **educed**: led or brought out. *Education* is literally a "bringing out." — **Bos'wellism**: see note on Dr. Johnson, Book Six, page 286. Boswell's admiration for a great man became ridiculous, because he would not admit that there were any defects in his hero.

THREE PORTRAITS OF PRINCE CHARLES

Andrew Lang

Andrew Lang (1844–) is a British writer and critic.

Note. — Prince Charles, the grandson of James II of England, was a brave and promising lad who determined to recover the throne his grandfather had lost. The Highlanders rallied to his support, for the Stuarts were of Scottish descent; but their attempt proved a failure and Charles fled to France.

1731

Beautiful face of a child,
  Lighted with laughter and glee,
Mirthful, and tender, and wild,
  My heart is heavy for thee!

1744

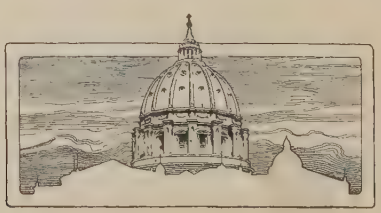
Beautiful face of a youth,
  As an eagle poised to fly forth
To the old land loyal of truth,
  To the hills and the sounds of the North:
Fair face, daring and proud,
  Lo! the shadow of doom, even now,
The fate of thy line, like a cloud,
  Rests on the grace of thy brow!

1773

Cruel and angry face,
  Hateful and heavy with wine,
Where are the gladness, the grace,
  The beauty, the mirth that were thine?
Ah, my Prince, it were well,—
  Hadst thou to the gods been dear,—
To have fallen where Keppoch fell,
  With the war pipe loud in thine ear!
To have died with never a stain
  On the fair White Rose of Renown,
To have fallen, fighting in vain,
  For thy father, thy faith, and thy crown!
More than thy marble pile,
  With its women weeping for thee,
Were to dream in thine ancient isle,
  To the endless dirge of the sea!
But the Fates deemed otherwise;
  Far thou sleepest from home,
From the tears of the Northern skies,
  In the secular dust of Rome.
A city of death and the dead,
  But thither a pilgrim came,
Wearing on weary head
  The crowns of years and fame:
Little the Lucrine lake

Or Tivoli said to him,
Scarce did the memories wake
Of the far-off years and dim,
For he stood by Avernus' shore,
But he dreamed of a Northern glen,
And he murmured, over and o'er,
"For Charlie and his men:"
And his feet, to death that went,
Crept forth to St. Peter's shrine,
And the latest Minstrel bent
O'er the last of the Stuart line.

the fate of thy line: Charles came of an ill-starred race, as a study of English history shows. — **heavy with wine**: the young prince became dissipated in later years. — **to the gods**: referring to the old saying: *Those whom the gods love die young.* — **Keppoch**: McDonald of Keppoch, a Highland chief who died on the field of Culloden while Lochiel was vainly trying to rally his men with the inspiring music of the pipes. — **White Rose**: an emblem adopted by the Jacobites (followers of James). — **thy father**: James III, often called "the Old Pretender." — **thy marble pile**: the monument erected in St. Peter's at Rome by George III. — **secular**: belonging to many ages and generations. — **a pilgrim**: Walter Scott who, toward the close of his life, when his mind was clouded, visited the tomb of the Stuarts. — **Lucrine lake**: Lake Lucerne, Switzerland. — **Tiv'oli**: a city of Italy. Here Cassius lived. — **Aver'nus**: a river of Italy. — **the latest Minstrel**: one of Scott's poems was called "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."



UNA AND THE LION

EDMUND SPENSER

EDMUND SPENSER (1552–1599) was one of the great English poets. A critic once said of him, "His style is all fairyland."

NOTE. — "The Faerie Queene" is a metrical romance. This selection, telling of Una's wanderings in search of the Red Cross Knight and of her meeting with the Lion who afterwards attended her, is written in the English of Spenser's day.

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight,
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight:
From her faire head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shynèd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shadie place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rushèd suddainly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse:
But to the prey when as he drew more ny,

His bloudie rage asswagèd with remorse,
And with the sight amazed, forgat his furious force.

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,
Her hart 'gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her faire eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceivèd her intent.

U'na: the personification of Truth in Spenser's allegory. — **the Red Cross Knight**: St. George, the patron saint of England, who undertakes to slay the dragon and liberate Una's parents. — **yrkesome**: irksome. — **unhastie beast**: Una rides on a white ass. — **fillet**: a band for the hair. — **undight**: took off. — **stole**: a long, loose garment. — **fortunèd**: happened. — **ramping**: leaping. — **corse**: body. — **as**: as if. — **weet**: know. — **submission, compassion,** and **affection**: four syllables each. — **marked**: noted, watched. — **chast**: pure. — **commandement** (four syllables): directions, orders.

A TRIBUTE TO GROTIUS

ANDREW D. WHITE

ANDREW D. WHITE (1832–) is a distinguished American who holds high rank as a scholar and a diplomat.

NOTE. — At the time of the Peace Conference held at The Hague in 1899, a monument was dedicated in the city of Delft to Hugo Grotius, a great Dutch scholar (1583–1645). Grotius was the author of "The Rights of War and Peace," a book which marked the beginning of international law.

This is the ancient and honored city of Delft. From its haven, not distant, sailed the "Mayflower" bearing the Pilgrim Fathers who, in a time of obstinate and bitter persecution, brought to the American continent the germs of that toleration which had been especially developed among them during their stay in the Netherlands, and of which Grotius was an apostle. In this town Grotius was born; in this temple he worshiped; this pavement he trod when a child; often were these scenes revisited by him in his boyhood; at his death his mortal body was placed in this hallowed ground. Time and place, then, would both seem to make this tribute fitting.

From this tomb of Grotius I seem to hear a voice which says to us as the delegates of the nations: "Go on with your mighty work: avoid, as you would avoid the germs of pestilence, those exhalations of international hatred which take shape in monstrous fallacies and morbid fictions regarding alleged antagonistic interests. Guard

well the treasures of civilization with which each of you is intrusted; but bear in mind that you hold a mandate from humanity. Go on with your work. Pseudo-philosophers will prophesy malignantly against you; pessimists will laugh you to scorn; cynics will sneer at you; zealots will abuse you for what you have *not* done; sublimely unpractical thinkers will revile you for what you *have* done; ephemeral critics will ridicule you as dupes; enthusiasts, blind to the difficulties in your path and to everything outside their little circumscribed fields, will denounce you as traitors to humanity. Heed them not: go on with your work. Heed not the clamor of zealots, or cynics, or pessimists, or pseudo-philosophers, or enthusiasts, or fault-finders. Go on with the work of strengthening peace and humanizing war: give greater scope and strength to provisions which will make war less cruel: perfect those laws of war which diminish the unmerited sufferings of populations: and, above all, give to the world at least a beginning of an effective, practicable scheme of Arbitration."

RABBI BEN EZRA

ROBERT BROWNING

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

So, take and use thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

Abridged.

nor: neither. — **paradox**: a seeming contradiction. — **aye**: ever. — **indue**: put on. — **whose wheel**: this comparison of divine purpose with the skill and imagination of a worker in clay is a common one. See Psalms ii. 9; Job x. 8, 9; and particularly Isaiah lxiv. 8; Jeremiah xviii. 6; and Romans ix. 20, 21. See also Omar Khayyám's famous poem of "The Rubáiyát," stanza lxxxv. — **perfect′**: the verb is accented on the second syllable.

THE FALL OF WOLSEY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

NOTE. — Thomas Wolsey, cardinal, archbishop of York, and prime minister of Henry VIII, was at one time the most powerful man in England, but in 1529 he displeased the king and was deprived of all his dignities. To his genius England owed much of her subsequent greatness, but he made bitter enemies and was undoubtedly careless in his use of the public money.

Wolsey's servant, Thomas Cromwell, became Henry's secretary, and was afterwards Earl of Essex. His career was very similar to that of Wolsey, and he was finally executed by Henry's order in 1540. A hundred years later, Oliver Cromwell, of the same family, left his quiet home to fight for England's liberty against England's king.

The following scene is from "King Henry VIII." Wolsey has been left alone in the antechamber to the royal apartment.

Wolsey. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? How have I reaped it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leaped from his eyes: so looks the chafèd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'T is so;
This paper has undone me: 't is the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?

No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 't will stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What 's this? "To the Pope!"
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's Holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

[*Enter the* Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the* Earl of Surrey, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.]

Norfolk. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from His Highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suffolk. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,
I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it.

Surrey. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.



Sur. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let His Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks. . . .

My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall my innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry "guilty," cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head.

Chamberlain. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 't is virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer

About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all except* WOLSEY.]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspèct of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

[*Enter* CROMWELL, *and stands amazed.*]

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Cromwell. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:

By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And, — prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

Abridged.

cross: perverse, contrary. — **a bright exhalation**: a meteor. — **pres'ently**: at once. — **jaded**: spurned. — **scarlet**: cardinals wear scarlet caps. — **like larks**: one of the ways of catching larks was to attract the attention of the birds by a mirror placed on a scarlet cloth. The fowler thus had a chance to cast his net over them. — **wanton**: playful. — **their ruin**: the ruin they cause. — **Lucifer**: Satan, the chief of the fallen angels. See Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book I.

